

The TATLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1579.

London, September 30, 1931

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Vol. CXXI. No. 1579. London, September 30, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 11d.; Foreign, 4d.

Price One Shilling

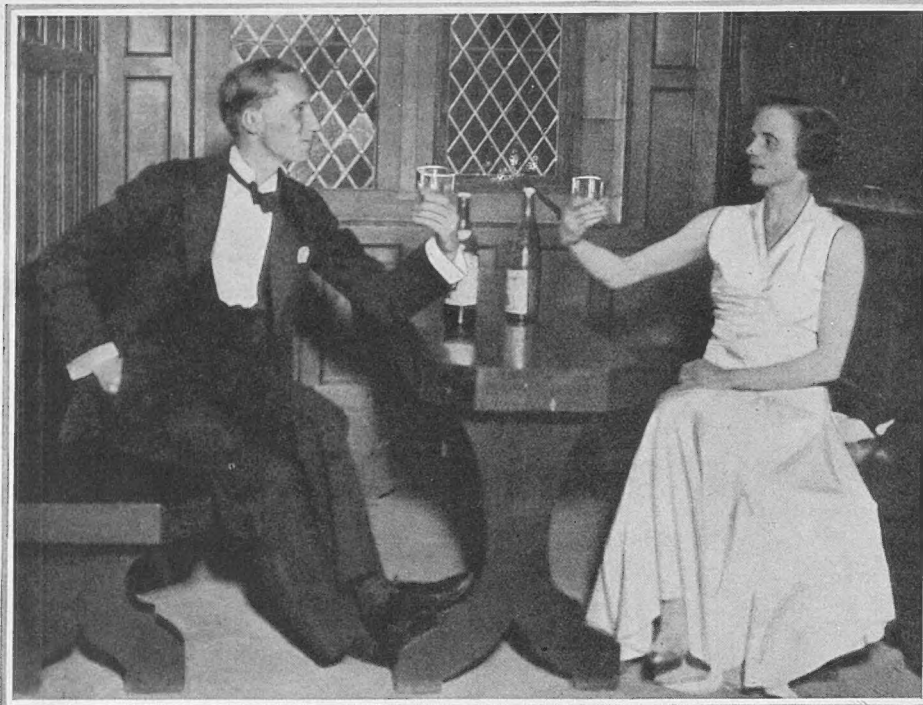


THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

Bertram Park, Dover Street

A new portrait of a very gracious personality. Sympathy and fellow-kindliness are two of Lady Carisbrooke's outstanding characteristics. She is extraordinarily unselfish, and is constantly helping good causes without giving a thought to the personal inconvenience so often entailed thereby. As brother and sister-in-law of Queen Ena the past few months have been sad ones for Lord and Lady Carisbrooke. Almost every winter they used to pay long visits to the Spanish Court, and were there only a short time before the revolution. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice's daughter-in-law was formerly Lady Irene Denison. She has a charming little girl, Lady Iris Mountbatten, who was born in 1920

The Letters of Eve



HERE'S LUCK!

Arthur Owen

Miss Ena Grossmith as Gerda and Mr. John Lowther as Sholto rehearsing Noel Coward's play, "The Young Idea," which was given at Naworth Castle, Lord and Lady Carlisle's Northumberland home, in aid of local charities. Mr. George Grossmith's daughter produced as well as played the lead, and all the members of the cast were staying in the house

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1

WELL, well, this pound business is pretty tricky, isn't it? Whether it will decide to flee or not to flee is still the question as I write. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune seem to have got our range to a nicety just now, and we certainly have our T.U.C. of troubles. But it's a grand chance to show our sterling worth.

Patriotic gestures are all the rage. I've just heard of another one—an old Nannie hurrying off to the Bank of England with one of her most cherished possessions, a long hoarded sovereign, "in case they might find it useful."

* * *

People have returned to London in varying frames of mind: some definitely in high dudgeon at the state of affairs, others comparatively cheerful. Mr. Edward James is in the latter category, or certainly seemed to be when I met him the other day. He was apparently buying sables for his wife. You remember he married enchanting Tilly Losch, and I hear she is having a *succès fou* in New York.

She has a new dance with the topical title of "The Flight from the Pound." The Yanks like their bit of fun, don't they? sez I, sub-acidly. Anyway the fate of our currency won't matter much to Mrs. James when her husband's rich present arrives.

* * *

Further examples of "it's an ill wind," etc., must have been evident in the City when the Stock Exchange was in abeyance—for profit-taking was not entirely a lost



SIR COURTAULD THOMSON, LORD CAVAN, LADY CAVAN, AND CAPTAIN SIDNEY LANE

Balmain

At North Berwick where, owing to the graciousness of Scottish sunshine, many people have been tempted to linger longer than usual. This group was taken on the first tee of the ever-popular golf course



Arthur Owen

LADY CARLISLE AND LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD (right)

Consulting the script of "The Young Idea." Lady Carlisle played Cecily, her sister-in-law stage-managed very effectively and the neighbourhood provided a large and grateful audience. Naworth Castle houses many historic tapestries and suits of armour which are in perfect keeping with its venerable grandeur

art; many were moaning at the bar, thereby heartening the refreshment-mongers of Throgmorton Street and thereabouts. Needless to say there were plenty of stories in circulation (not of an entirely national crisis character) and time enough to tell them. One of the few retailable to you, my dear, is of the small boy being taken round a racing stable. He was "all ears" and alive with interest. On hearing that a certain two-year-old was by Gainsborough, he asked intently, "And who dammed it?"

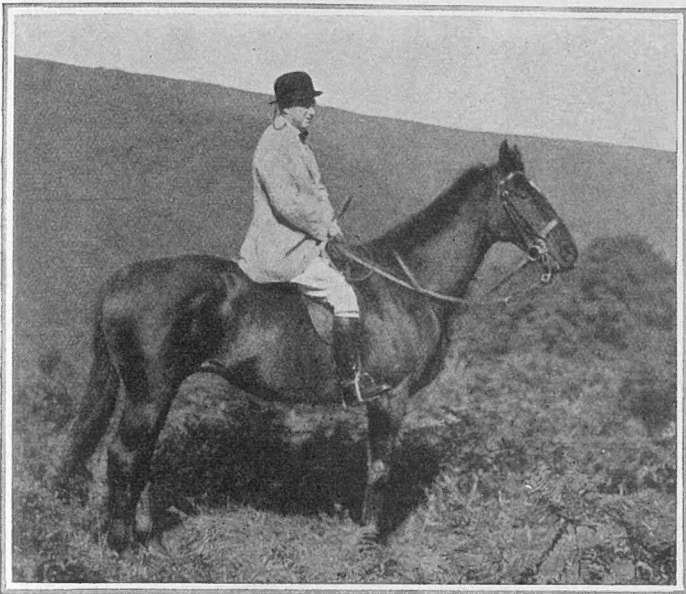
Marked cheerfulness was shown by those who benefited by the share-raising happenings occurring when business began again; but this I write with bated pen for fear of saying the wrong thing from one week to another.

* * *

A little gleam of sunshine brings people out for no particular reason—at least, this was my

impression when Bond Street seemed to have caught a few important ones with half-an-hour to spare. General Trotter was the first I met, looking very fit and brisk on his return from Biarritz with the Prince. Indeed, having spent many mornings bathing in the "Chambre d'Amour"—an alternative sun and sea-water bath—who would not be the better for it? This was, of course, *the* place to frequent.

Lady Warrender looked quite altered in a little Mediterranean-green felt hat tipped over one eye and a suit to match. We have been so used to her wearing hats off the face, even before anyone else did, that this sudden *volte-face* is quite surprising. Miss Betty Manners and her fiancé, Captain Lascelles, were also out and about, obviously well content. They are to be married in January.



A MUNNINGS PICTURE

Mr. A. J. Munnings, the famous R.A., at a meet of the Devon and Somerset at Cloutsham Woods. The crowning distinction of many classic horses is to have their portraits by Munnings hanging in the Royal Academy

Only just arrived from America there was Mrs. Curtis Brown, but it does not take long for anyone of her dynamic character to be in the thick of things at once, and she was full of plans. One of the most moving spirits of the American Women's Club in Grosvenor Street, she has a lovely house overlooking the river.

* * *

Mrs. Bryan Guinness, the arrival of whose second boy I chronicled last week (he is to be called Desmond) does not mean to let the unsettled conditions interfere with her house-moving intentions. These are two-fold. She and her husband are leaving 10, Buckingham Street, which was the Lyttons, for 96, Cheyne Walk, which is Lord Ednam's, and a very delightful house, too. Mrs. Guinness is also arranging the decorations of a fascinating eighteenth-century habitation they have taken near Andover. Here she will have something to live up to, for not so far away is the Cecil Beaton mansion, with its roundabout bed and "hand" signatures on the bathroom wall. It is unlikely, however, that she will follow the Beaton track, for she has any number of amusing ideas of her own, and impeccable taste. But it will be interesting to compare the two houses.

News from the West Country has been pretty sparse of late, but everyone went to Norton when the Beaufort Polo Club's tournament finished with a flourish. The final of the Novices' Cup was the chief feature for which Lady's Wood and Barrow Court took the stage. Colonel Denis Bingham is a most superior performer at this game and, since becoming naturalized to those parts is an ornament to any side he plays for. Mr. Noel Dock-er also has no little skill. Altogether there is a mass of talent. Captain Philippi had his wife in attendance as a *claque*, but unfortunately she was suffering from a shattering cold and had also had a strenuous morning's cubbing. However, they are both just off to Cannes, so there is a chance of some rest and recovery.

It was considered that Lord Apsley had rather let down the assembly, having failed to arrive by air. This spectacular turn is now always expected of him. Lady Cooper had her prospective son-in-law in attendance. Mr. Hugh Leveson Gower evidently believes in propitiating his bride's mother and clearly found it easy. Miss Cooper, in blue, was brilliant in mind and body.

Can any one be so immaculate as Mr. "Dinty" Moore? Do you know that he once declined to travel on a 'bus for fear he might be seen by someone he knew? Apparently a hound-van does not have the same adverse effect on him, for Miss Letitia Lloyd transported him back from a party in this demeaning vehicle when he was staying at Estcourt.



AT THE FIRST OF THE PERTH BALLS

Captain L. B. Robinson, Miss Graham-Stirling, and Captain J. S. Cunningham sit out à trois. Miss Graham-Stirling is the only child of Major C. H. Graham-Stirling of Dalginross, Comrie, Perthshire. Her father is a noted breeder of pedigree cattle



LORD AND LADY KNOLLYS.

At Perth for the opening day of the Hunt Steeplechases. Since their marriage in 1928 Lord Knollys and his wife have lived mainly in Cape Town where he is a local director of Barclay's Bank. They have a little daughter who was born last year

* * *

Although the weather was definitely foul, Mine-head polo week seems to have been great fun. This may scarcely be wondered at with Captain Maurice Kingscote as chief jester, and, incidentally, stage manager of some enlightening charades.

What would the Censor have said? The acting was superb, Mrs. Oswald Battine and Major Keith Menzies being two of the stars in the Second Act, with "Mrs. Gamp" as an able "super." The complete word was of

(Continued overleaf)

c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

a rather homely character, and everyone thought Mr. Humphrey Guinness did very well to guess it. What a pity I can't tell you what it was!

* *

Details of the St. Leger meeting at the Curragh arrived from Ireland just too late to be included in last week's budget. They stress the unusually large quantity of good-lookingers—a regiment of young women who were really quite too dazzling when encountered *en masse*.

Blue was the favourite colour; Miss Richards scored more good marks for it, though the rather brilliant shade she had selected might have been disastrous to any face not possessing her perfect pink and white colour-scheme. A little round white straw sat jauntily on her pretty fair hair, and Sir Anthony Weldon was finding her very easy to look at, I gather.

Lady Moira Forbes and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, jointly in blue, were busy betting, and Lady Helena had every reason to feel pleased with herself at backing six winners. They were both staying at Kildangan with the More-O'Ferralls, who had a particularly good meeting, for three races, including the Irish St. Leger, fell to their stable. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket's Millennium won the Autumn Handicap and Lord Brougham's Cobeguid His Majesty's Plate. By the way the wiseacres predict a bright future for this three-year-old.

* * *

Mrs. Loel Guinness was staying with the Milbankes, and young Lord Loughborough was escorting her round with evident pride. I do admire that lovely pale face of hers, and her horn-rimmed specs seem to add to her attractions rather than detract from them. But then she is one of the lucky ones.

Miss Sophie Denys-Burton wore a rough green and black check tweed suit with cap to match, and was telling everyone how annoyed she was that the news of her engagement to Captain Ian Tubbs had got about so quickly. It was not meant for publication for some considerable time, but nowadays when every other person is in league with a gossip column, nobody's private affairs are safe for long. However, the many nice things her friends said to her must have had a consolatory effect.

* * *

The Curragh report mentions that Miss Olive Plunket wasn't in her usual good form, and, in fact, appeared distinctly harassed once or twice. Lady Athlumney, very chic as is her custom. She always manages to have that wonderful *soignée* look, and Ireland finds her most charming. I

am always hearing how popular she is over there. Everyone admires the way she has taken to hunting; she only started last season, but is now terrifically keen and a real competitor. It is rumoured that she means to ride astride this winter, and some people think this would be a pity as she looks so nice the other way on. Another of Lady Athlumney's new enthusiasms is flying, and she now has a 'plane of her own, I believe.

There is good news of Captain Harry Fowler, though he is still at the moment in a nursing home as the result of his motor accident. His car skidded, *not* at the cross-roads as Douglas Byng used to sing, although the Irish papers *did* make rather a mystery about it.

* *

I was surprised to see the rumoured engagement of Mrs. Kidston to Mr. Reggie Sheffield so emphatically denied. One had heard it on such good authority.

Miss Eileen Plunket's matrimonial plan promises excellently if being wildly happy is anything to go by. She is positively

radiant. And terribly busy, too, as the wedding will probably occur on October 12. Everyone who knows Cairo knows Mr. "Rowley" Barnard; fiftyish, fairly fat, and frightful fun—is due back there fairly soon, so the honeymoon won't be a long one. I believe they are contemplating motoring to Trieste and taking ship from there.

Like all her relations Miss Plunket has a capital brain and great charm. She was on the stage for a bit, but lately has been prime mover in a decorating and furnishing establishment.

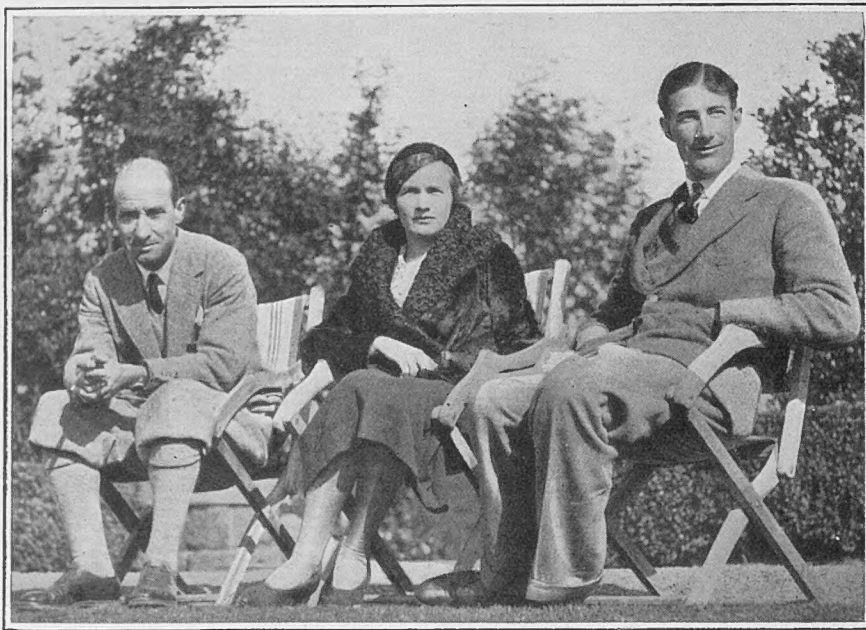
* * *

Quite courageous of the Quagline brothers to have launched out with new decorations and more floor space at a time like this. The opening night, last Wednesday, was a grand success, and you'd have thought, on looking round, that we hadn't a care in the world. Easily the best dressed woman in the room was Lady Louis Mountbatten, whose sheath of silver sequins gleamed like fish scales.

Gertrude Lawrence was in black, and I never knew before that she could shut her eyes like a chicken—lower lid first. Too queer.

The Melchetts brought lots of friends, Lady Melchett looking more like an early Botticelli than ever and appropriately garbed (for an angel) in white. Mrs. Cecil Wills had a large party, and the discreet atmosphere was also responsible for several tables *à deux*.

Midnight produced a Russian singer who gave tongue in four languages, and made a tremendous hit. His final effort, a waggish Russian refrain, was apparently the most popular. Obviously no one can have had the least idea what it was all about, but you wouldn't have guessed that—Ever, EVE.



WATCHING TENNIS AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL

Colonel Colgrave, Lady Pollington and her brother, Mr. Christopher Fletcher of Saltoun, formed part of the large audience at last week's tournament in which the standard of play was high. Lady Pollington, formerly Miss Josephine Fletcher, is Lord Mexborough's daughter-in-law

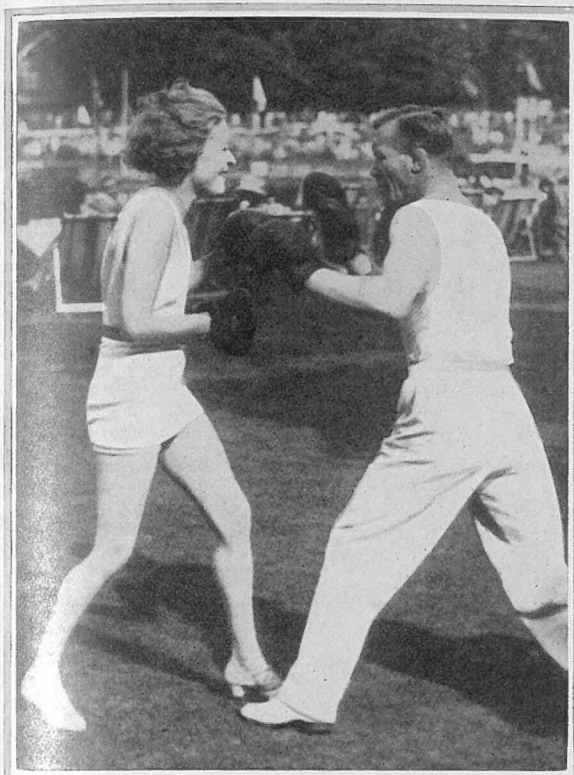


Peter North

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

Who plays the title rôle in "Elizabeth of England" to be produced to-night (September 30) at the Cambridge Theatre. Ashley Dukes is responsible for the English version of Ferdinand Bruckner's play, which has had a terrific success in Germany. As Queen Elizabeth, Miss Neilson-Terry will have a lot of weight to carry, for her wonderful jewel-trimmed dresses are said to be heavier than any previously worn on the London stage

TAKING EXERCISE

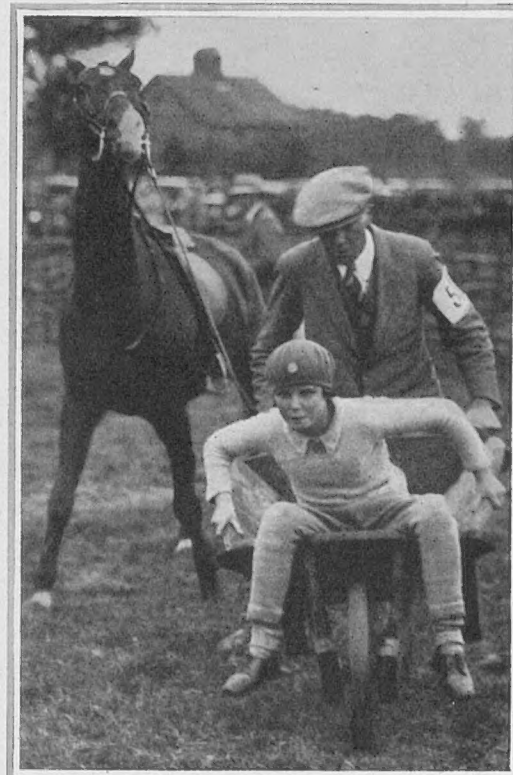


MRS. OLIVE PICKETT HAND IN GLOVE
WITH JOHNNY SUMMERS AT MAIDENHEAD

Arthur Owen



AT THE SEAVINGTON GYMKHANA:
CAPTAIN COX, M.F.H., AND HIS WIFE



CAPTAIN A. PALMER AND MISS
JOAN BRAKE GOING WELL, TOO

Chas. E. Brown



THAT SCOTTISH FEELING: LADY MASSEREENE WITH HER
ONLY SON AND (right) THE HON. HAMISH ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE

Arthur Owen



A GROUP, INCLUDING MISS PATRICIA LITTLE, MR. A. GORDON-
LENNOX, MR. J. BECKWITH, AND THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

Arthur Owen

Of the active happenings represented on this page, perhaps the most noteworthy is that in which Mrs. Pickett, Miss Ruby Miller's sister, is engaged. Her boxing bout took place at the Fishery Club, Maidenhead, and Johnny Summers came through the ordeal without flinching. The Seavington Hunt Gymkhana was held on the old racecourse at Crewkerne, and went down very well indeed. Captain Maurice Cox is Joint Master, and hunts hounds himself. The Seavington were originally harriers, and members still wear green coats. Lady Massereene and Farrard recently bought a house in the Island of Mull, and has had it full of visitors during the last two months. The Hon. John Skeffington will be seventeen in October. The Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine is Lord Rosslyn's elder surviving son. The Duchess of Richmond and her mainly family party were photographed at Inverness when they attended the Northern Meeting. Mr. Jack Beckwith is the son of Lady Muriel Beckwith, the Duke of Richmond's half-sister



MR. HOWARD P. MARSHALL
The famous old Oxford Blue and Harlequin player who is now writing brilliant Rugger articles in "The Daily Telegraph"

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

PERHAPS it was an omen. It happened at six o'clock in the morning, a most uncomfortable hour. As I crept up the gangway of the R.M.S. *Windsor Castle* to meet the South African Rugby football team, I fell over a stout, little man who was grappling with a heavy suitcase. He straightened himself, if anything so spherical may be said to straighten, and regarded me unkindly. I explained that I was looking for the Springboks. "Ah!" he said, and then again, "Ah! Poor old England." With that he returned

to his suitcase. It was not a helpful remark; it was, indeed, rather sinister. It implied some horrible massacre at Twickenham, and I continued my search somewhat shaken. He may have been right. These Springboks may beat us all ends up, though these are early days for pessimism. At any rate, when at last I found them they proved to be very pleasant people. They said the usual friendly things; they had enjoyed their voyage; they did not intend to worry about unbeaten records; they were only concerned with playing the game in the right spirit. Naturally there was little else they could say—these interviews with visiting teams are very absurd—but B. L. Osler, their captain, and a great stand-off half, did for a few moments discuss tactics.

As far as I can see, the South Africans will not be an unorthodox team. They will play intelligent football—Osler said enough to prove that—but they will not pack 2-3-2 in the scrummage, as the All Blacks did, and so we shall not be plagued by a forward who puts the ball in, and constantly comes perilously near to obstruction. They will have no five-eighths or other fancy players behind the scrummage, but will keep to the normal arrangement of half-backs and three-quarters.

They may introduce one slight modification of our methods, for when the ball is dry they pack 3-4-1, instead of 3-2-3, arguing that the shallower formation ensures a quicker heel. Possibly it does, and it is true that the scrum-half has a wider screen with four men in the second row, and that the two outside second-row men are a yard nearer the ball when they wish to break rapidly in defence. Whether in this formation the weight is transmitted so effectively is debatable, but we may have an opportunity of judging for ourselves at Bristol next Saturday (October 3), when the Springboks play the first match of their tour against a combined Somerset and Gloucestershire side.

Unfortunately, I cannot believe, after the disagreeable winter which has passed for our summer, that they will often have a dry ball, and that is a serious consideration. They are accustomed to hard grounds, and if there is rain at Newport,

Swansea, and Abertillery, where they play early in October, they will have to adapt themselves to an entirely fresh science of scrummaging. Any team might be excused for being beaten at Newport in the rain.

As a matter of fact, I think these South Africans are sufficiently good footballers to triumph over strange conditions. They certainly have the necessary physical qualities of speed, strength, and weight—their forwards average 14 st. 6 lb.—and in P. de Villiers and Osler they have a pair of half-backs who have been compared to Kershaw and Davies.

This all sounds as if I share my corpulent friend's implied foreboding about England's prospects against the invaders, and it is at least true that a South African victory at Twickenham on January 2 would hardly be surprising. After all, the odds are surely on a touring team every time; they play together so regularly that the virtues of backing-up and combination become instinctive; they have opportunities for working out and trying tactical schemes together, and they acquire a team spirit which is an invaluable asset. An ordinary International team, particularly in the first match of the season, is at best a scratch side, and must take some time to settle down. Still, why should we worry? Even if we admit the worst, I believe, with Mr. Robert Browning, that the best is yet to be.

Let us admit, then, that last season's Rugby football was undoubtedly at a low ebb, particularly in England. The Welshmen were not so bad, and this year they may be very good, but it was perhaps a little difficult to follow the reasoning of the English Selection Committee. It so happens that we are awaiting with interest the names of the new English Selectors, which will be announced next Saturday (October 3). Mr. Baxter, Admiral Percy Royds, and Mr. Adrian Stoop have definitely retired from the committee; they deserve our sincere gratitude for their devoted services to the game, and we shall be lucky if their successors are as painstaking and enthusiastic as they have been. Possibly it is as well to have fresh blood on the committee, though no one will envy the Selectors their task.

They will, in effect, have to build up a new English team, and the material at first sight does not seem to be promising.

There should be no real difficulty with the forwards, disappointing though the English pack was last year. It was disappointing largely because it was ill-assorted, and the outside observer had some justification for thinking that the best use was not made of the available talent. There are any number of good individual players about, but first it will be necessary to find a leader who can weld his men into a pack. There was no successful leader last season, and I admit it is not easy to name one now. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that in all the English clubs there must be at least one man who can get the best out of such forwards as P. C. Hordern—a Wakefield in the making—P. W. P. Brook, P. D. Howard, and J. W. Forrest. If Eng.-Captain E. W. Roberts becomes a Selector, that man will be found.

The half-backs again are a problem. E. B. Pope did his best last year at scrum-half; he is a plucky and clever little player, but I doubt whether he will be chosen again. There are rumours that W. H. Sobey has recovered from the accident which has been keeping him out of the game, and if he proves

(Continued on p. xx)



SIGNS OF SPRINGBOKS

Members of the very welcome South African Rugby team putting in some practice at Weston-super-Mare in preparation for the start of their tour. The first match in their long fixture list will be against Gloucestershire and Somerset at Bristol on October 3. This is the third team to come to England from the Cape since an English side, captained by the late W. E. MacLagan, first introduced Rugby football into South Africa some forty years ago

SCOTTISH FORGATHERINGS



MRS. GRAY CHEAPE, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER, WITH LORD AND LADY STRATHMORE



THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER DEALS WITH HER ETONIAN SON'S TOPPER



MISS SHEILA STENT, BRIDESMAID, WITH MR. G. MAXWELL AND MR. A. CHEAPE



AND RACQUETS: LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY



MR. ARTHUR WILSON-FILMER, LORD PORTARLINGTON, LADY PORTARLINGTON AND MR. D. D. HOMAN AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL



MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE AND THE HON. VERONICA FRASER

All roads led to Forfar last week when Miss Carsina Gray Cheape married Mr. Peter Dudgeon, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dudgeon of Abbassia House, Cairo. The bride, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gray Cheape of Carse Gray and the late Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Gray Cheape, has immense popularity in the neighbourhood and quantities of friends came to wish her well. Lord and Lady Strathmore, who recently celebrated their golden wedding, were among the many distinguished guests. Mr. Antony Dudgeon, the bridegroom's brother, got special leave from Eton to attend. Mr. Gordon Maxwell and Mr. Alexander Cheape, Lady Griselda Cheape's son, were ushers, and the eight bridesmaids wore Romney frocks and carried blue velvet muffs to match their hats. Lady Ancaster's daughter lately took her car and some of her racquets to Gleneagles Hotel. Mr. D. D. Homan, seen in the adjoining group, and in the same locality, is the noted East African white hunter. Mr. Compton Mackenzie and Lord Lovat's second daughter were photographed at Dingwell, where the National Gaelic Mod of the Highland Society was held last week

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

LONDON hasn't been an hilarious town for some years, but at the moment there can be few more lugubrious spots on the face of the earth. Everyone's face can be measured in furlongs, and any form of badinage would be as out of place as a flirtation at a graveside. The only way of getting any money seems to be to back winners and draw the stuff *in toto* and untaxed on the Monday, and perhaps in this way good will come out of evil as far as racing is concerned by the extra numbers induced for this reason to go racing. There is, of course, the snag that winners seem to be harder to find than ever now, that not only are the "nurseries" in full swing but everyone is going for their winter's keep for the last couple of months of the flat. Perhaps racing is now going to be helped by the Totalizator which now states in its advertisements that "it has come for good." This complete reversal of policy would be extremely welcome, but after all this time one is entitled to be sceptical, and anyway it doesn't say whose good it is for.

The question of the appointment of paid stipendiary stewards to assist the stewards is again being brought forward, and nothing but good can come of it. It stands to reason that experienced men placed where they can see every yard of a race can materially assist the judgment of those in the stewards' stand who not only may not be able to see every incident but in addition in some cases have not the specialized knowledge for the thankless job they have voluntarily taken on. While the greatest thanks are due to these gentlemen for their public spiritedness, the maxim "once a steward always a steward" is inclined to be too closely adhered to regardless of the fact that old age can and does affect the reflexes of stewards as much as the next man. I am assured by a medical man of the highest standing that in some cases the reflex actions between eye, hand, and brain may be as slow as $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, a fact which may have accounted for an elderly gentleman drawing a bead on a grouse forty yards in front of him, registering a direct hit on the loader in the next butt with his first barrel, and letting off the second when the bird was hull down over the next crest, behind him.

The "stipe," besides possessing knowledge and quick observation, must also be a student of human nature and a masterpiece of tact. Angels might have to be fitted with stilts to walk in some of the places where the conscientious stipendiary has to tread, and enemies are easier to make at it than friends. The system has apparently worked smoothly and well in India where there is often a good deal for them to do, and their

employment has materially raised the tone of racing in that country. A sporting event for next year is the match arranged between Lord Rosebery and Lord Adare for £200 a side each to produce a two-year-old at the post. Matches are few and far between these days, but they always lend a great deal of interest to a day's racing, and I think I'm right in saying that the Hurst Park takings some years ago were considerably augmented by the match arranged between Captain Percy Whitaker on Arravale and Lord Westmorland, Lord Burghersh as he then was, on, I think, Phaco. Odds were laid on Arravale, but after a desperate battle up the straight Phaco won.

Many years ago a match was made between Sir John Astley (The Mate) and Mr. Alexander, the father of the present Captain John Alexander, who, like his father, trains with "Sandy" Braime. They were to ride a mile across the flat at Newmarket, row a mile, and plough an acre. As both were round about the three-score mark, and weighed somewhere over 16 st., the race-horses selected had no light job, and Mr. Alexander's horse broke down leaving Sir John the winner. Mr. Alexander won the rowing, but both were so crippled with sciatica by it that the ploughing was abandoned. It is a pity that there are not more of these events.

The Cesarewitch is almost on us, and while Noble Star did not run up to expectations in the Doncaster Cup he still cannot be far out for the Newmarket race. Though a tower of strength he is such a small horse that he seems to have a lot to do with 8 st. 12 lb. over such a gruelling course, but if the going is on the firm side, on all form he should beat Blue Vision who stands at a much shorter price. Khorsheed one can't get away from, but the rest (I know nothing of the French horses) seem so lacking in class, and the bottom weights cannot get strong enough handling. No 6 st. 7 lb. boy can get the last bit out of a horse at the end of a race of that sort.

Jumping is well under way, and Invermark opened his hurdling season for Mr. Richards at Fontwell. Few owners have ever had two better servants than this horse and Jugo, and there is no close season for them.

Since last going to press poor Mr. L. Whitfield has died as a result of a fall last January. Paralyzed as he was, and often in great pain with no hope of recovery, it is almost a relief to know that his sufferings are ended, greatly as his loss will be felt.



DOBSON PEACOCK

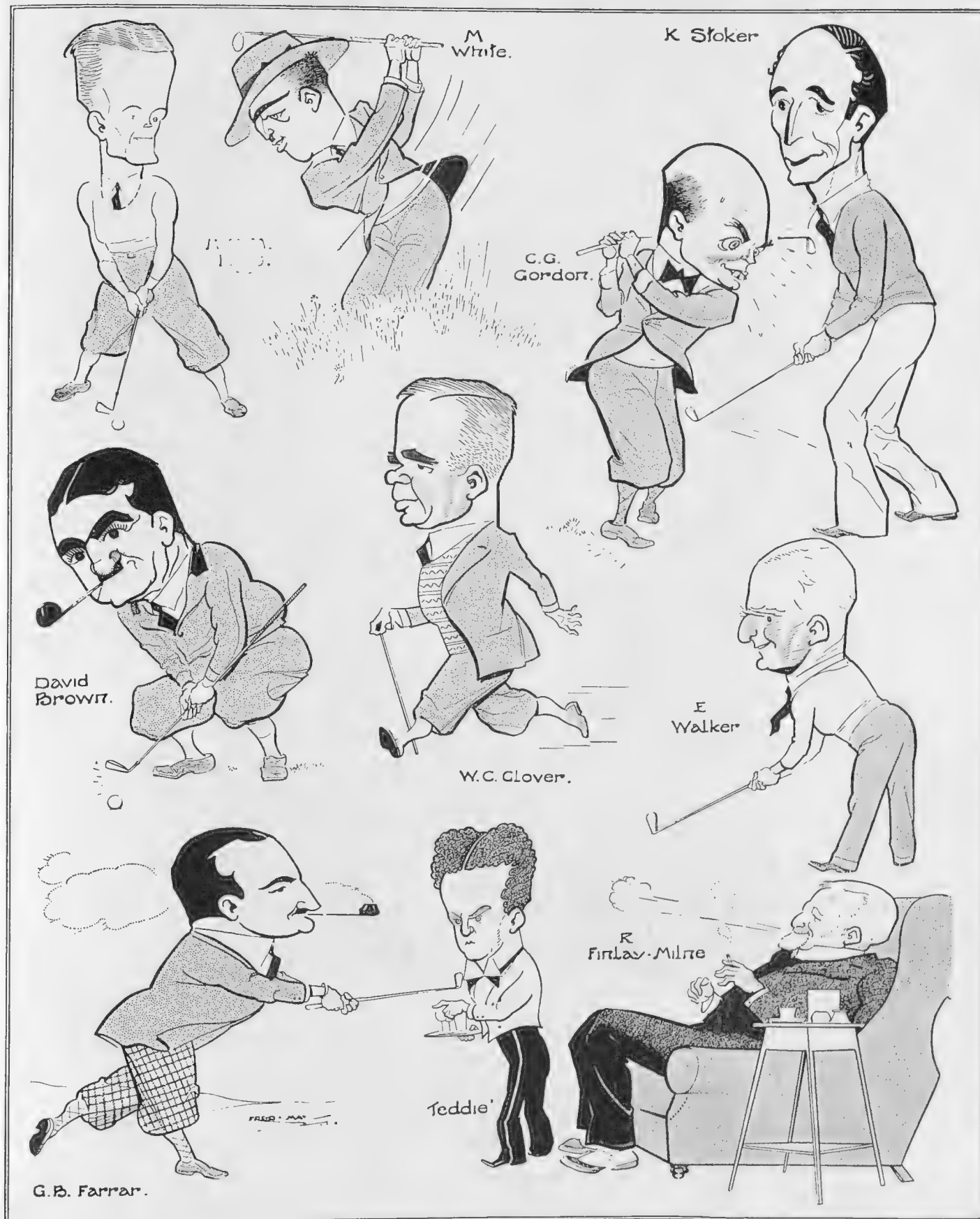
The man of the moment among trainers, who is carrying all before him in the North. He captured no end of races at the recent Ayr, Bogside, and Edinburgh meetings, and trains the smart Heronslea



AT THE PERTH HUNT STEEPLECHASES

Left to right: Mr. Findanus MacGregor, son of the Alasdair MacGregors of Cardney; Mr. Ian Lindsay, who is engaged to the Hon. Maysie Loch; Miss Gelda MacGregor, and Mrs. Findanus MacGregor. The Perth Hunt festivities include ball-dancing as well as two days' racing

GOING GAME IN CLUBS



SOME MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL GOLF CLUB—BY FRED MAY

The headquarters of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club are at Hoylake, Cheshire, a course which many famous golfers know and love. When Mr. Bobby Jones won the Open Championship there last year he paid it the great compliment of saying that it was one of the finest championship courses he had ever played on. Mr. R. Finlay-Milne is the oldest member of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. Mr. David Brown and Mr. Stoker have had a series of successes in competitive golf

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Saint—or What?

NOW that Gandhi has arrived in London it will be interesting to see how his mission is finally interpreted by the crowd. Will he be regarded through Mr. Churchill's eyes? Merely a seditious fakir who ought to be clapped into jail without more ado. Or will they view Mr. Churchill's Indian policy as just an out-of-date Victorian "panjandrumism"? Will they respect Gandhi's standpoint as belonging to human nature and so justifiable? Or will they regard the least protest against the British Raj as an act of sedition and so to be stamped out at all costs? To repeat, it will be interesting to know. Perhaps, before coming to any conclusion, it would be as well to read Mr. Robert Bernays' absorbing (I almost wrote "sensational") book, "Naked Fakir" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Bernays does not agree with Mr. Churchill. On the other hand he has been accused of being pro-Gandhi. But if you read this book you will understand that this is not the case. You know the type of religious mind which denounces someone as an atheist if he so much as doubts the Divine origin of one single passage in the Bible. To the British die-hard mind, therefore, any man who does not regard Gandhi and the national aspirations for which he and his followers stand as the machinations of a rebel-cum-Communist, is regarded as a traitor to his country's cause. Well, the best compliment I can pay Mr. Bernays is that he does at least try to see the Indian problem universally and not only from, so to speak, the purely parochial standpoint. You may agree with him, or you may not, but it is as well to read his book before pronouncing judgment either on him or on the ideal for which Gandhi stands. His final verdict on Gandhi, the man, is that of someone of outstanding personality and force; a man who is half saint, half possessed of political cunning amounting to genius. Mr. Bernays found himself in India as a traveller; he remained to write for a London newspaper detailed accounts of the Indian Congress and all that happened both before the curtain as well as behind the scenes. The opportunities he had of observing Gandhi and his followers at first hand, while at the same time having the entrée to Government House were exceptional. Moreover, he is not a politician—and that is half the battle towards complete understanding in any national affray. Were the outcome of the present Indian unrest not so serious, it would have its intensely ludicrous side. Knowing the English character and the manner

in which it handles political situations, there is really something very funny in the picture of the practical, common-sense, unimaginative British standpoint trying to come to peaceful terms, seeking to compromise with a man who, having accepted certain concessions, returns home to listen to the "inner voice" which tells him to retract most of the things he has said, and to protest against the remainder. Had a man of Mr. Churchill's mind been Viceroy there would probably have been another and a worse Indian Mutiny. Happily for England Lord Irwin, according to Mr. Bernays, was the ideal man to cope with such an un-British situation. Lord Irwin understood this "inner voice."

Being an intensely religious man himself, he was able to cope with, because he sympathised with, such a difficult *impasse*. Perhaps, unconsciously, he realised that in England the moment the opposition brings forth a martyr, their cause is won. Consequently he acted on the principal—"more especially *no martyrs*." Everyone, except apparently politicians, realises that a few spectacular martyrs can wrest anything from the British Government. The Suffragette movement, the Irish independence, were won entirely on martyrs. It was Lord Irwin's chief difficulty to prevent such a victory. How difficult it must have been, you have only to read "Naked Fakir." Thousands were trying to win the cause by sacrifice. Hundreds of women threw themselves down in front of trams, knowing full well that if the tram had run over them England would have stood condemned in the entire foreign Press, to say nothing of its own socialistic one. Minorities have found out Britain's vulnerable spot, and it is almost amusing for an outsider to see how this knowledge wins every time. It should be accounted unto us for virtue, of course, but, as everyone knows, we suffer for our virtues quite as much as ever we do for our vices—perhaps more so. Incidentally, apart from the Indian question, "Naked Fakir" is a most interesting and often amusing

account of life in India to-day. It is written by a man who is shrewd, witty, and totally irreverent—not in the religious way but as before pomp and spectacle. Entertaining bits of sheer gossip enliven the book all the way through. As for instance: "Lady Willingdon is the most wonderful hostess I have ever seen off the stage. . . . But conversation, as the term is usually meant, is impossible. She is so anxious to put you at your ease that she forgets the possibility of your being there already." Yes, I must confess I thoroughly enjoyed every page of Mr. Bernays' interesting, plus very entertaining book.

(Continued on p. 566)



MAX REINHARDT

One of the results of Autori's melodious participation in the recent Salzburger Festspiele was this impression of the uncrowned king of Salzburg, who has been described as "one of the most powerful and romantic figures in Central Europe." Several times a week during the Musical Festival Professor Reinhardt gives a supper party in his wonderful Schloss Leopoldskron, originally built by one of the Prince Archbishops, and guests never fail to fall under the spell of his fascinating personality. Max Reinhardt's almost magical powers as a producer are world-famous, and that he intends staging "The Miracle" in London shortly is very welcome news

THE AYES HAD IT

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Lady (with damaged eye): It all comes of the vicar sayin' as a wife should agree with 'er 'usband.
"Takes me fer a blinkin' fool, don't yer," he says, and I answers, "yes"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Just a Tale.

Ten-year-old Jonathan Reverdy was a strange child. Without being the hero he nevertheless gives the title to Sophia Cleugh's new novel, "The Daisy Boy" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). When he is talking to his "betters"—and these "betters" contain a Duke and a Duchess, several Lords and Ladies and other smaller fry—he talks in a curious rustic dialect which belongs to no county I have ever visited. Alone, however, with his little boy friend he can express himself thus: "I wasn't exactly dreaming. It just seemed to me then I could see a great palace in the clouds over there. It came down in the most lovely terraces to the blue sky. . . ." He does not go to school (we are in the seventies), but he retires during his spare time, when he is free from picking off daisy heads on Adelaide, Dowager Duchess of Westmainham's exquisite lawns, into a shed, where his boy friend teaches him all that he has learnt that day in the village school. However, just when you are beginning to wonder how unlike any boy in heaven or upon this earth this child is, he vanishes from the story—only to reappear towards the end to be made heir to the dukedom of Westmainham; thanks to the secret marriage of his father with a girl of lowly station, who dies, leaving male issue which is brought up by the local washer-woman. In his place, however, we move in the highest circles. There is a rather tedious man, Lord John, and a boringly arch girl, Sally, who fall in love, don't realize it for quite a while, find difficulties in the interference of an acidulated spinster called Miss Berinthia, and eventually reach happiness by Lord John behaving thuswise: "he caught her hand, patted it and, turning it over, kissed with great deliberation its upturned palm. 'What I adore about you is that you possess an admirable clearness of vision. And as I can't live without you, Sally darling, baggage though you are . . . for I feel certain you will prove to be no tame, obedient spouse, you will have to marry me to save me and my career from the rag-bag and my mother from acquiring, in consequence, a complete head of white hair.'" At which Sally capitulated immediately! Incidentally the scenes of this story are laid in the Isle of Wight, but except for a stray reference to Carisbrooke Castle and Yarmouth they might have lain anywhere. Not, however, that it matters in the least. Everything in the story is purely "from stock." Only I do wish Miss Cleugh were not so impressed by her titled folk that even a small boy can hardly speak or move without being referred to as "the Marquis of Hollisbridge." Nobody cares. Besides, had he not got a Christian name?

The Temples of Egypt.

There is surely no more concrete expression of sadness than the remains of a civilization which has passed away. It is as if we were gazing upon the remnants of a dead world. All the generations of love, laughter, work, play, great failures, great achievements, are as if they had never been. And so our laughter and our love, our work, and our play, our failures and our successes will one day fade away and crumble into ruins. It seems utterly impossible, doesn't it? Well, I suppose it seemed equally impossible to those dead nations which are now

represented by merely a handful of stones, which it takes a fully-trained archæologist to put together and to bring, so to speak, a mere whisper back from the stillness which is as silent as death itself. Every old ruin reminds us of these things. The imagination cannot comprehend all that they imply. That is why we can pass them by without more emotion than an admiration for their beauty; feeling pity, perchance, that so little remains, or peradventure, joy in the fact that we can nevertheless piece together something, however small, of their history. I could not help thinking of these things as I was reading Miss Margaret A. Murray's deeply interesting book, "Egyptian Temples" (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.). If you are thinking of spending the winter in Egypt, and if you are not merely a traveller, either in a charabanc or *de luxe*; briefly if you are going there to study as well as sight-see, there is not a better book which you could possibly take with you. Indeed I know of no similar book. Hitherto such information concerning these marvellous ruins has had to be sought in a whole library of guide-books or in those massive volumes of archæological research which are impossible to procure; also impossible to handle, when one is actually travelling in Egypt. Within her work Miss Murray has collected all the more interesting and important facts, and she

has set them out in a way which requires no great archæological or architectural knowledge; making them even more stimulating to the imagination by reconstructing for us the scenes which once upon a time were enacted in the sacred buildings. She begins her book with a short introduction describing the history of the Egyptian temples, pointing out their architectural beauties, the types of columns, the curious but very effective methods of

lighting employed, so that the necessary dimness could be achieved without darkness or an offending glare. Then she tells us how ruin came upon so many of these wonderful structures—a ruin which, in spite of the efforts made by the Egyptian Government, is by no means yet stayed. Her detailed description of the temples themselves starts in the north and proceeds southwards. Interwoven with this are discussions on the history, on the various features of each temple, and on the wonderful reliefs which cover so many of the walls. With the copious illustrations which enhance the value of the book so much, it is easy to reconstruct the weirdly impressive scenes which once took place within these temple walls. Naturally certain of these temples require more space given to them than others. The great temple of Thebes, for example, with its huge and impressive shrines, while on the farther bank the temples of the dead Pharaohs commemorate, not the everlasting, as was anticipated, but the ephemera of human life. Not only these, but Miss Murray takes us farther up the Nile to the exquisite temple of Philæ, and farther still to the mighty temple, hewn out of solid rock at Abu Simbel, built by the great Rameses for his eternal monument. And all the way through this most interesting book the writer offers many suggestions and comments of her own. Moreover she can make her information at once picturesque and readable to those who have never been to Egypt, and who know so little of its temples.



Golfer: Hi, caddie! isn't Major Muffit out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?
Caddie: Twenty-seven ordinary, sir, and one apolectic

MARVELLOUS MISTINGUETT



MISTINGUETT TOUTE SEULE



—AND WITH HER NEW PARTNER, BILLY MILTON

Photographs: Dorothy Winsting, Old Bond Street

One of the wonders of the age is, undoubtedly, Mistinguett, for this famous French revue star seems to have successfully solved the secret of perpetual youth. How she does it no one knows, but to each fresh production she brings fresh contributions from her unlimited store of charm and gaiety. And those heavily insured legs twinkle more gracefully than ever. For her forthcoming autumn show at the Casino de Paris she has chosen a new partner—Billy Milton having travelled to England specially for this purpose. Mr. Milton is English and has written several of the songs for the revue in which he is to take part. It is announced that a film is shortly to be made by Paramount based on Mistinguett's life and career.

The Cinema :

Advice to Godsons

By JAMES AGATE

I SOMETIMES wish that some genius would invent a new hobby for young men, something for them to do except sit down and write letters to me. Every young man of my acquaintance, and the great majority of those who are not, pester me with demands to know how they may become either dramatic critics, or film critics, or book critics, or gramophone critics or any other of the caustic kidney. It so happens that I have two godsons, one of whom is going up to Oxford and the other to Cambridge, and both desiring to know what careers they shall adopt upon coming or being sent down from those establishments. The Oxford youth, after hearing me extol the professions of coroner, veterinary surgeon, chiropodist, and the emoluments and dignity attaching thereto, announced that he was going to be a dramatic critic. I did my best to dissuade him. I wangled, purchased, borrowed, and in short procured a seat at all the duller plays in London and invited him to imagine that these pieces were inflicted on him after he had been theatre-going for forty years. He came back from each of these entertainments with his eyes gleaming and his bosom heaving, and saying equally of tragedy and farce that it had been just ripping! I did even more to dissuade him from the practice of dramatic criticism in particular, and journalism in general. I took him to a famous grill-room and showed him some of the people among whom he would have to pass his life. I showed him journalists whose names are household words looking like symbols of the Great Unwashed. I showed him a Great Actress slopping in soiled geranium satin over a table like one of the less appetizing goddesses of Rubens. I showed him world-beauties looking like sheep, Society leaders looking as though all the blood in them had been drawn off to incarnadine their nails, actors who cannot act, vocalists who cannot sing, and conductors who cannot conduct anything except, it is alleged, themselves. My godson said that one and all were perfectly lovely, and I gathered from his expression that he regarded these walls as constituting a pile nobler than Westminster Abbey. I taxed him with this and he agreed. "On the principle," I said, "that a live dog is better than a dead lion?" "No," he answered. "Here are lions!" Well, he goes to Oxford, and as I see it, nothing can prevent him from being a dramatic critic.

Unless, of course, he elects to be a film critic. But here I find a slight difference in the temper of my letter-writing young men who seem not so much to want to criticize films or even to act in them as to produce them. By the way, I spent the only fine day this summer afforded watching the filming at Ascot of the racing scenes in Mr. Edgar Wallace's *The Calendar*. I have rarely seen anything more pathetic than the supers. The men were all, oh, so definitely cut out to be policemen, clerks, insurance touts, but had drifted on to the stage just as now they were drifting on to the screen! The women had obviously been

so very nearly beauties, and so very nearly actresses. With both it had been touch and go, and they had gone. As for the principals, who could envy them that job of hanging about that green sward for hours together, and with their make-up of bilious orange simulating the worst ravages of jaundice? J'ever see such ignominy? as my Lord Castlewood might have asked. As a confession of human weakness let me say that when the press box came to be photographed I managed to find myself in the front row, and so, as Lorelei would put it, became shot! Acons hence I suppose this film will be released, and I shall confess that whether I like it or not, will largely depend upon a certain close-up. Unless, of course, "montage" has done its worst and

I am cut! This brings me to my second godson, him of the Cambridge persuasion, whom I took to supper in a more ornate part of that same hotel where one, or rather two, ate the same things at double the price, but, as compensation, were surrounded by fewer celebrities. With what in lesser abodes would be called the place was served a juggler, while what to the naked eye looked like an ordinary cutlet, was attended by a number of young men who, in peach-coloured tights, mounted dizzily upon each other's shoulders. "That," I said, "is what I call montage!" Whereupon, my godson enveloped me with a look of scorn in which, by anticipation, the whole of intellectual Cambridge was contained. Desisting from contempt, the young man then asked me how he was to become a film-producer of the better-class. It appeared that he had already made a start to the extent of a violent liking for the Academy Picture-house, an equal disliking of Mr. Anthony Asquith's *Tell England*, and a complete mastery of the works of Pzrywtsch! I shook my head gravely and said that in my view Tsgnufp was sounder. He reflected and said: "Yes, but there's that question of rectilinear compression." I said: "Have a triangular bit of cheese to top up with!" Well, he goes to



CHARLES STARRETT AND BILLIE DOVE

In "The Age for Love," Miss Dove's first picture under her contract with Mr. Howard Hughes. The latter, a film director as well as an oil king, backed "Hell's Angels" for £800,000. It was rumoured that he and Miss Dove contemplated matrimony when her decree of divorce from Mr. Irwin Willatt became absolute. This occurred in July

Cambridge, and as I see it nothing can prevent him from becoming a film-producer. "But how?" as Mrs. May used to say. In my view it is no use trying to dissuade people from doing that upon which they are really bent. That being so I now propose to offer intending neophytes a piece of advice worth a thousand pounds, or perhaps, by the time this article appears, ten thousand of those sliding, elusive counters. That advice is this: Go to the biggest places where newspapers and films are produced, i.e. Fleet Street and Hollywood. Keep quiet about your intellectual purpose, and learn all that proficiency and commercial success have to teach. Throw yourself into the vulgar stream and never let it suspect that your own personal current is the other way. The day and the opportunity will come when you can strike out for yourself. Then if you are a genius you will attain something which you may rank above money. If you are not, you can always flop back and be sure of your bread and butter.



This Charming Person

A New Portrait of Lady Weymouth

Photograph by Yevonde, Victoria Street

In these days of depression, when long faces are so prevalent, it is encouraging to look at a portrait of Lady Weymouth, whose delightful smile suggests that she at any rate does not take a gloomy view of the general situation. It will be observed that Lord Bath's daughter-in-law is wearing one of the new hats, and with very evident success, too. Lord and Lady Weymouth have been married four years and have a son and daughter

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



THE GRAND PARADE

A spectacular defile of Spahis during the review held in the Aisne region at the close of the recent French army manoeuvres, which were on a very vast and ambitious scale. Some 50,000 men took part in the review. Spahis are native Algerian cavalry in the service of France

YES! Really back in Paris, Très Cher, and "for keeps" this time; well, till the New Year anyway. Of course I simply hate being back, and nearly wept as I turned the last key in the last lock at the Farm. With all its neat grey shutters closed and its grey doors bolted, the little long, low, white house looked somehow so punished; it seemed such a shame to have put it to bed so early, especially as a most glorious sun was shining. I had a wonderful run up to town. One of the really fine days of this unhappy summer. I made an early morning start (I had to "catch the tide"). There was a heavy dew on the fields, a sun-tinted haze on the sea; the cow-bells were ding-dangling as the animals plodded out to pasture; the country folk were driving into market . . . you know the sort of thing, and there was that mouth-watering smell of coffee brewing over wood fires coming through the open doors of the wayside cottages. Lord how I love the country and the sea!

Paris seems terribly pavement-y to my pedal extremities accustomed to the jute-soled ease of *espadrilles*. How I hate not being able to waggle my toes properly in my shoes any more, and what a damnable invention are high heels, and oh, the curse of my evening skirts. I am rather complacent about my tanned vertebrae however, and the nice even coat I have acquired thanks to a judicious mixture of King Sol and Molyneux, "Bronzine," not the slightest trace of wrist watch strap or bathing suit *épaulette*! Most satisfactory! I was in at Léon's (so conveniently next door to my bank in the rue Daunou) choosing hats this morning, and several pals, just back from the South, blew in; not one of them could boast of a darker tan than mine. Made me feel quite uppish. Mistinguett was there. Léon is making her headgear for the new autumn revue at the Casino de Paris. She's a wonder. How she keeps on keeping on is one of those marvels that only Voronof and Methusalem can explain . . . and they won't split on a pal. I saw her again, later in the day, at the *répétition générale* of a new operetta at the Nouveautés, in which that exquisite little Edith Méra (whose photograph you published on this page a couple of weeks ago) is appearing. She (Edith) had a tremendous success with a dance that allows her to pick up a long, trailing velvet frock and exhibit the prettiest, black silk-clad limbs that one can possibly wish to see. How much more attractive legs are since long skirts came in again. I expect Mistinguett will make the most of this in her new show. I wonder if we are becoming puritanical in Paris. A play, taken from Francis Carco's book, "Prisons de Femmes," was howled down the

other night at the Renaissance. It was pretty foul, and we are tired of hearing a spade alluded to as a sanguinary trowel. Half-a-dozen critics, Maurice Rostand amongst them—left the theatre, and goodness knows they are not, usually, a squeamish lot!

We thank Heaven, this green autumn, for the Colonial Exhibition where it is still possible to lunch in the open air amidst pleasant surroundings. The other afternoon Maurice Verne arranged a very delightful entertainment inspired by Madame Rabette's cookery book of exotic recipes. Various coloured stars represented the different kinds of dishes that tickle (or burn) one's palate, according to taste. Djemil Anik, the Javanese dancer, also Rhama Tahé and Miassa Djebbouk were there, and "Miss" Spotted Elk prattled lusciously of Red-skin cooking and the delights of grilled Moose steak.

Do you remember that last Spring I told you I had met a very lovely little Annamite lady, Princess Yang-Thi-Thé. She was a ward of the French Government and was educated in France after her father's death. (Better not recall the manner of his passing nor those responsible for his demise). She was a brilliant little scholar and passed her exams, with flying colours; she travelled a great deal and, later, appeared both on the stage and the screen in the dramatised and film versions of Somerset Maugham's "Letter," and I hear that she is also the author of a picture play, *Princesses Rouges*, that is to be released this autumn. She has just been married to a young Frenchman, of Bordeaux, M. Robert Bourges. The ceremony took place in the picturesque little church at Cauderan, and M. Albert Sarraut gave the bride away. The invitations to the wedding were sent out in the names of the bride's two godfathers: the President of the Republic and the ex-Minister of l'Intérieur! You can imagine the stir that it made in the bourgeois dove-cots of the Bordelais country.

Paul Reboux, whose book "of manners," "Le Nouveau Savoir Faire," so amused you last year, has just published another delightful (and useful) volume entitled "Nouveaux régimes" (Flammarion, Ed.). Reboux is, amongst other virtues, a great gourmet, and no one has forgotten his cookery book, "Plats Nouveaux." His most recent volume deals with the various diets that are prescribed by our hard-hearted doctors, and we are taught how to combine their orders with our natural, if greedy, desire for good things. It is a book that no cook can afford to miss. Especially in England. — Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



ANNY ONDRA

The owner of one of the prettiest baby faces of the film world. She is a blonde Viennese and has been appearing in the French screen version of "Annie de Montparnasse" and "Suzy Saxophone"

"SHOT" FOR YOUR BENEFIT



LILI DAMITA



IN "THE SECRET CALL": PEGGY SHANNON AND RICHARD ARLEN

Look, film fans, at these new studies of favourite faces. Lili Damita, whose previous screen successes have been associated with her fame as a dancer, has now proved herself as a tragic actress, and gives a notable performance in the name part of "Madame Julie," recently presented at the Leicester Square Cinema. "The Secret Call," which was shown at the Plaza not long ago and will be generally released early next year, is from William de Mille's play, "The Woman," staged in America. Clara Bow was originally to have played opposite lead to Richard Arlen in this Paramount production, but ill-health prevented her doing so. The part was then given to Peggy Shannon, who was formerly on the New York stage. A great film future is prophesied for her. Irene Dunne, little Pauline Stevens, and Keppy, a dog actor of no mean repute, play together in "Consolation Marriage," for which Radio Pictures are responsible



IRENE DUNNE, WITH GREAT BIG "KEPPY" AND VERY LITTLE PAULINE STEVENS

SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND

CAPTAIN G. GORDON-DUFF, MISS DIANA THORNE
AND (behind) COLONEL A. F. THORNEON THE "YOUNG LOCHINVAR"; MR.
"BUNTY" CADELL AND MR. IAN
CAMPELL

SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY GORDON-CUMMING



THE HON. MRS. THORNE



MRS. NAISMITH (right) AND A FRIEND

Except for the one on the top right, all these pictures were taken in the neighbourhood of the Findhorn Yacht Club. Findhorn is near Nairn and the yacht club is a new venture, having been started only this year. Colonel Andrew Thorne (affectionately known as "Bulgy" by all Grenadiers) had just been competing in a thrilling race, aided and abetted by his sons and daughter. The latter is seen receiving congratulations on her seamanship from Captain "Geordie" Grant-Duff of Moy House, Forres. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, is one of the twelve daughters of the second Baron Penrhyn. Lady Gordon-Cumming also took part in the race, which was over a ten-mile course. She and her husband live at Altyre, near Forres. Mrs. Naismith is the wife of the V.C. Admiral. Her popular husband is one of the three members of the Findhorn Yacht Club entitled to fly the coveted white ensign of the R.Y.S. The remaining snapshot was taken when Mr. Ian Campbell, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Argyll, was on his way to stay in Iona with Mr. "Bunty" Cadell. His host, who came to meet him, is a well-known Scottish artist and, incidentally, brother of Miss Jean Cadell, the actress

TALL SHIPS AT GUERNSEY



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. ELLIOTT AT THE HELM OF HIS "ORCHIS." NEAREST THE CAMERA IS MR. LE MARQUAND



LIEUT.-COLONEL CECIL CAREY STEERING HIS "MERLIN"



THE RUTHVEN TWINS WITH LORD RUTHVEN AND CAPTAIN A. A. J. ALLEN ABOARD "CONCARA"

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast"

A. Cunningham's poem was well illustrated at the recent regatta of the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club, which, like so many fellow fixtures, had to be postponed more than once owing to stormy conditions. As is invariably the case in inter-insular sporting events, competition was particularly keen. Mr. Le Marquand, who is seen in Colonel Elliott's yacht, is the States Supervisor of Guernsey. Lord Ruthven has been Lieut.-Governor since 1929. His daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Barran and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, dressed, almost inevitably, in twin sailing suits, thoroughly approved of the regatta. It brought a lot of work to Captain A. A. J. Allen, he being the honorary secretary. The admirable representation of Countess Blucher's "Guernsey Mermaid," with all her canvas spread, must surely implant a germ of sea-fever into the greatest landlubber

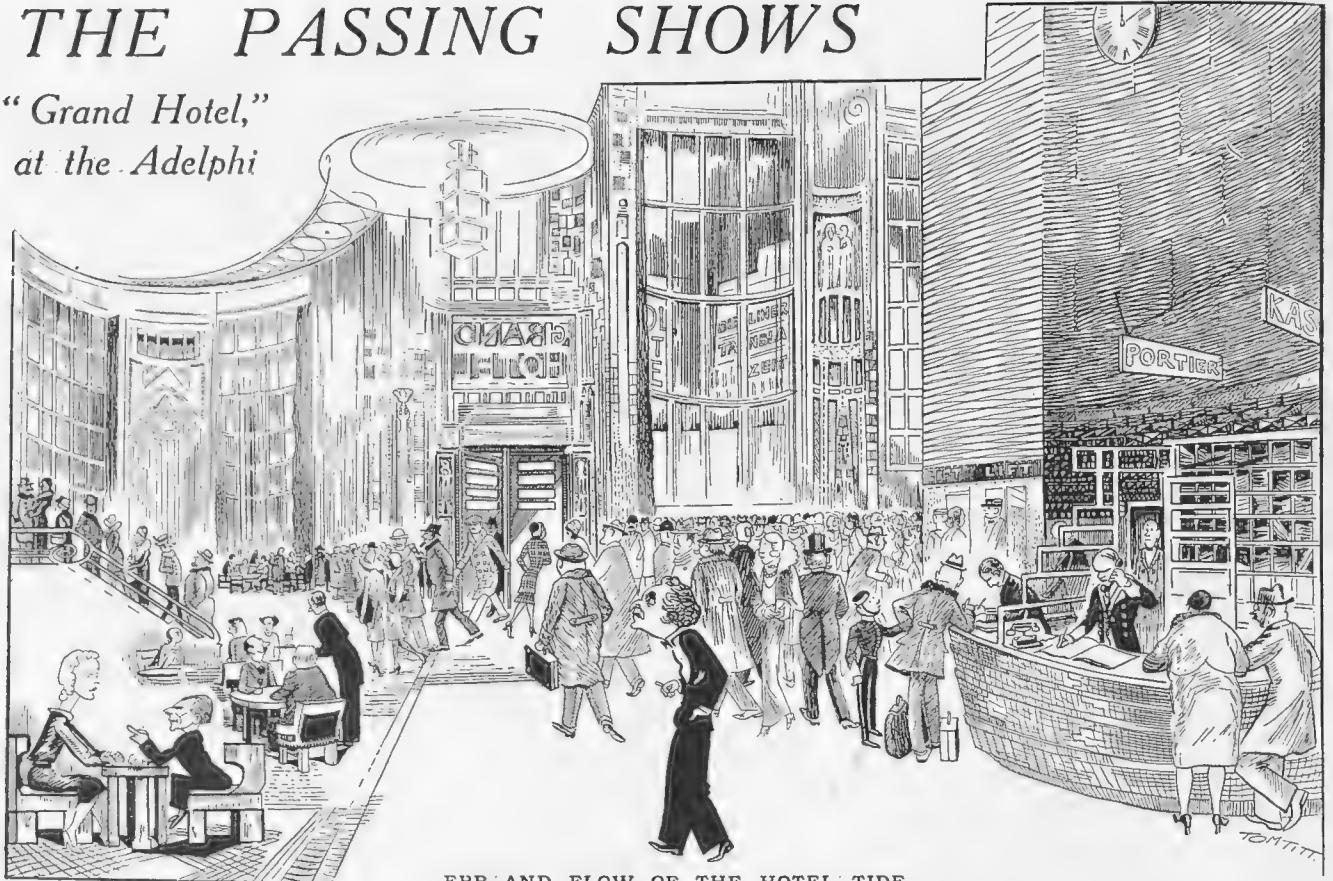


"SHE WALKS THE WATERS LIKE A THING OF LIFE:"
COUNTS BLUCHER'S "GUERNSEY MERMAID"

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Grand Hotel,"
at the Adelphi



EBB AND FLOW OF THE HOTEL TIDE

Life with the roof off sums up the kaleidoscope of "Grand Hotel," where strangers eternally come and go, passing like ships in the night, and revealing for a brief moment a glimpse of their individual comedies and tragedies

What of the conventional three-act play? Will the present order of dramatists, faced by the mechanical tricks of the revolving stage, disappear like the other craftsmen who have been out-paced and out-placed by machinery? No. As every theatre in time fits itself out with a revolving stage, shall we turn up our noses at any play which doesn't whirl us through at least thirty different scenes at the rate of ten an hour? No. Will the new technique bring about a new form of non-stop, episodic tabloid drama as revolutionary as the advent of the "talkies" in Hollywood? No.

White Horse Inn made the average big-scale musical play look like 10 cents, even discounting sheer weight of numbers and some effective window-dressing. The revolving stage worked wonders for speed and spectacle, but the settings and the dresses were what counted most. They had the merit of being novel and at the same time, thanks to the Tyrolean propaganda of *Autumn Crocus*, fashionable. *Waltzes from Vienna* scored most of its heart appeal at the last minute. Even the most hardened robot could scarce forbear to cheer at the sight of an orchestra in heavenly white ascending from its usually bottomless pit and travelling up stage in full blast. A childish trick, if you like, but having the Athenian virtue of some new thing. Sentimental conservatives can offset this mechanical triumph by humming the opening bars of the "Blue Danube's" immortal refrain.

Ever Green made us prick up our ears partly because the plot was off the beaten track of these affairs, but mainly, no doubt, because the

Neuilly Fair scene was not only breath-takingly brilliant and beautiful, but went round and round as all the best roundabouts do.

Grand Hotel without a revolving stage might never have seen the inside of a theatre. Or if it had, it could never have been the miraculous kaleidoscope which Mr. Max Hasait's mechanical merry-go-round and Mr. Raymond Massey's superlative production have effected at the Adelphi. Miss Vicki Baum's novel and the play in three acts and nineteen scenes (all covering a period of thirty-six hours in the Grand Hotel, Berlin) which Mr. Edward Knoblock has made out of it with immense skill and pains, raise the usual point about best-sellers making the worst plays. To appreciate *Grand Hotel*, the play, to the full, it is vital to have read "Grand Hotel," the book—a book direct in attack, novel in out-look, now dispassionately photographic, now passionately concerned with souls and sex, as coolly, immodestly modest as the cult of bare-bodies in the land of its inspiration.

The episodic theme of the novel plainly rules out a play of continuity—an awkward start for the purists who hold to the conventions of stage story-telling and insist that a play must stand or fall by itself without the foregoing kudos of serial rights and unlimited editions. That point



THE LAW TAKES A HAND

Herr Zinnowitz (Mr. Griffith Humphries), Preysing's legal adviser in the amalgamation conferences which typify the industrial life of a mammoth hotel



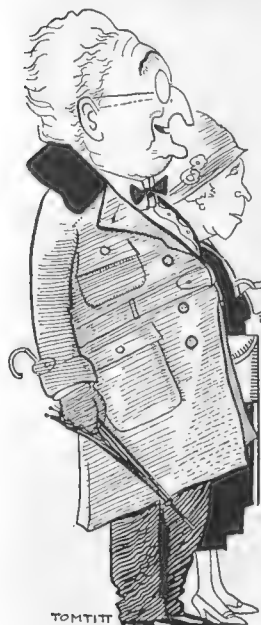
ENTER-PREYSING

Mr. Lyn Harding in a strong yet subtle reading of Herr Direktor Preysing's character. The *Grand Hotel* robs him of both business integrity and morals



FOLLOW A STAR

The explosive Meierheim (Mr. George Merritt) and the soothing Witte (Mr. Harold Scott), Grusinskaja's manager and conductor, wilt under the strain of the artistic temperament and feminine caprice



LIGHT RELIEF

Professor Krauss (Mr. Edward Dagnall) and his spouse (Miss Margaret Watson) revisit the haunt of their honeymoon and find the Grand Hotel most "respectable!" The hall porter (Mr. Vincent Holman) tactfully agrees

business bluff, deceit, and weakness; his lovely, amoral typist, Flaemmchen (Miss Ursula Jeans, perfectly cast), who coolly accepts his amateur

is moot. The critic has other duties to the drama than sitting in the stalls. A library subscription will assist to keep in touch with how the world wags outside the footlights. If half of it has thrilled to the ebb and flow of individual drama within the four walls of a typical "Grand Babylon," the playgoer who stands aloof places himself at a disadvantage. Half the fun of these adaptations of best-sellers is to see the familiar characters taking the shapes (or not) which they hold in the reader's imagination.

Grand Hotel, then, is not a play in the narrow sense, but a picture of hotel life (with the roof off), and therefore of life generally (with the lid off). In and out, in and out, through the revolving doors the motley crowd ebbs and surges . . . and all, as Dr. Otternschlag—that friendless, war-maimed cynic observes with a sneer, for what? Types, contrasts, comedy, tragedy, life, death, crime, love, passion—every facet of the ever-rolling stream of humanity is glimpsed under the Baum microscope and set before us at the Adelphi with intense speed, realism, and detail, with now and then a timely halt to stay the wheels of the machinery with the red light of drama. Surely, if disjointedly, the main characters detach themselves from the stream; Grusinskaja, the tired, temperamental Russian dancer, exquisitely played by Miss Elena Miramova, with the trifling reservation that she looks too young and



lovely to give full piquancy to her surrender, after failure and attempted suicide, to the unscrupulous Baron Gaigern (Mr. Hugh Williams), who had broken into her bedroom to steal her pearls and remained to revitalize her with passion; the domineering Director Preysing (Mr. Lyn Harding in a subtle character study, never over-emphasized) representing



LIFE AND DEATH: FLAEMMCHEN AND KRINGELEIN

The typist (Miss Ursula Jeans) and the dying clerk (Mr. Ivor Barnard) decide for Paris—a pathetic honeymoon while Kringelein's life lasts

advances as all in the day's work; and the dying, down-trodden Kringelein, his ex-book-keeper (Mr. Ivor Barnard in his most moving under-dog vein) who has come to the Grand Hotel to see life for the first and last time before the sands run out.

The comings and goings of entrance hall, cocktail bar, lifts and passages; the amalgamation conferences of Preysing and his associates; the glimpses of the dancer's tantrums and loneliness in her bedroom; Kringelein's debut as a



THE THIEF AND THE DANCER

Stolen pearls are forgotten in the sudden affair between the tired Russian ballerina (Miss Elena Miramova) and the burglar Baron Gaigern (Mr. Hugh Williams)

gambler, his subsequent collapse and revival under the doctor's hypodermic syringe; the discreet scene in Flaemmchen's room with the girl calmly undressing before her clumsy employer; Gaigern's murder in the dark by Preysing in defence of his pocket-book, and the final exits through the eternally swinging doors of all save the sardonic Doctor (a grim detached figure of Mr. Ernest Milton's most mannered and macabre invention)—pen and ink are poor mediums to repaint the flashes whose combined illumination make *Grand Hotel* a fascinating and gripping experience in the cinematesque drama of to-day. The acting of the principals, all too briefly praised here, is supported by a host of miniature character studies of invaluable accuracy. As a piece of mechanical symbolism studded with pin-points of light and shade, *Grand Hotel* must be heavily underlined on the play-roll of everyone with any pretence to being abreast of the theatrical tempo of our times.

"TRINCULO."



THE TRAGIC CHORUS

Across the background of the moving stream limps the lonely sardonic war-maimed Doctor Otternschlag, brilliantly played by Mr. Ernest Milton

WHO GOES WHERE



Poole, Dublin
MISS DAISY FERGUSON AND
HER FIANCE, MR. J. A. BARR



Balmain
COLONEL RICARDO, LORD AND LADY KENMARE, AND
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY IN FINE FETTER



Balmain
THE HON. MRS. J. M. BALFOUR
AND MRS. JOHN GOTT



Howard Barrett
CAPTAIN OSBERT AND LADY JOAN
PEAKE ON SNILESWORTH MOOR



Howard Barrett
SHOOTING WITH CAPTAIN OSBERT PEAKE, M.P.: THE HON. VIVIEN RIDLEY, AIR-CHIEF-
MARSHAL SIR JOHN SALMOND, LADY RIDLEY, THE HON. LADY SALMOND, AND LORD RIDLEY

This page starts with an engaged couple who share one big interest, namely, golf. Mr. Barr reached the fourth round of this year's Irish Open Amateur Championship at Newcastle, County Down. His future wife, a popular member of the Irish International team, is the daughter of Mr. Stanley Ferguson, Director of the Ulster Bank. The next photograph was taken on the first tee at North Berwick, and though history does not relate what the joke was, it is encouraging to see smiles in these rather grim days. Lieut.-Colonel Wilfred Ricardo used to be in the Blues, and Sir William Pulteney is Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords. Mrs. John Gott, who has also been at North Berwick recently, was Miss Evelyn Grahame before her marriage. Captain and Lady Joan Peake have been entertaining a series of shooting parties at Snilesworth Lodge in the North Riding for grouse driving. Captain Peake is the Member for North Leeds, and exceedingly popular in the constituency. His wife is a half-sister of Lord Essex.



BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.



IN A CLASS
BY ITSELF

C.F.H. 102Z.



THE NINTH WAVE—AND

By Frank



D SHE'S TAKIN' IT BLUE

k H. Mason



Picture of the Favourite

White Horse Whisky

*Real Old Scotch
Sold in Bottles
and various sizes
of handy Flasks*



PERSONALITY IN PORTRAITURE

The attractive picture of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux and her little girl was taken at Tregoyd, the family place in Breconshire. She was Miss Audrey Meakin before her marriage, and is the daughter of the late Mr. James Meakin and of Lady Sondes. Her husband, the only son of Lord Hereford, used to be in the Welsh Guards. Lord Hereford, the Premier Viscount of England, succeeded his father last year. The title dates from the sixteenth century.



LADY JOAN VILLIERS

The elder of Lord Jersey's two sisters, Lady Joan Villiers, comes second in the family. She is full of enterprise and likes all sporting undertakings, but nothing can hold a candle to fox-hunting in her estimation. Lady Joan has a choice of several homes, for her mother, Lady Cynthia Slessor, has a house in Sussex Gardens as well as Sandford Manor near Reading, which she bought fairly recently. Lord Jersey has let his place in the Bicester country, Middleton Park, to Sir Abe and Lady Bailey, but has kept Osterley Park for his own use, and entertains parties there from time to time. He is still at Christ Church, Oxford, but will be coming down before very long as he celebrated his twenty-first birthday early this year.



THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DEVEREUX AND HER BABY GIRL BRIDGET

Photographs by Bassano and Miss Compton Collier

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT AT EDINBURGH

THE HON. MAGDALEN FRASER
AND LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELLSIR IAIN AND LADY COLQUHOUN OF
LUSS AND (right) LADY ELPHINSTONEMISS BUCHAN-HEPBURN AND SIR
HEW HAMILTON-DALRYMPLESIR HUMPHREY AND THE HON. LADY
DE TRAFFORD WATCHING THE RUNNERSLADY JOAN HOPE, LADY RACHEL DOUGLAS-
HOME, AND SIR PHILIP DUNDASMR. HARRY MILNER
AND MISS LINDSAY

That very venerable Hunt Club, the Royal Caledonian Hunt, which each year holds its racing events on a different course, staged its activities last week at Edinburgh in conjunction with the Autumn Meeting. The members wear pink coats and add greatly to the general decorativeness. Two of them appear here, namely Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple. Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, Chief of the Clan Colquhoun, married a cousin of Lord Glenconner. Lady Elphinstone is H.R.H. the Duchess of York's eldest sister. No race meeting, north, south, east, or west, comes amiss to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and his wife is almost as enthusiastic. Lady Joan Hope, the second of Lord and Lady Linlithgow's three daughters, will be a débutante of 1933, and Lady Rachel Douglas-Home came of age this year. Sir Philip Dundas's Scottish home is Polton House, near Lasswade. He is in the Black Watch

MAINLY IN THE NORTH



MRS. G. GORDON-DUFF, LADY FLAVIA GIFFARD, AND MR. EDWARD MEYER

Wm. Munn
CELEBRATIONS AT GLENDELVINE: For the coming of age of Mr. Robin Lyle (centre). Included are: Colonel and Mrs. Lyle, Miss Dorothea Lyle, Mr. Ian Lyle, Lady Anne Hope, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Miss Diana de Hoghton, Miss Davies, Miss Cynthia Starkie, Miss M. Byng, Mr. C. Field-Marsham, Mr. A. M. Marsham, Mr. Michael Smiley, Mr. Guy Starkie, and Mr. L. Guise



SHOOTING WITH MR. WHITELAW: A group, including Mr. R. Havelock-Allan, Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Mr. Steek, Major and Mrs. "Laurie" Dunn, Major and Mrs. Denton Carlisle, Major Turner, Major Geoffrey Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw and their daughter, Jane

When Mr. Robin Lyle, second son of Colonel and Mrs. A. M. P. Lyle came of age recently, celebrations were held at the Perthshire home of his grandfather, Sir Alexander Park Lyle. His mother is Sir James de Hoghton's eldest daughter. Lady Flavia Giffard, who was staying with Captain and Mrs. "Geordie" Gordon-Duff for the Northern meeting, has a first novel, "Keep Thy Wife," due for publication next month. Miss Cecily Craven also brought a party to the meeting. She is Mrs. Gordon-Duff's sister. Mr. Havelock-Allan, one of Mr. Whitelaw's recent shooting guests, is Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw's brother. The three gay little people on the right are Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne's children, and were photographed in the park



AT BLERVIE: MISS CECILY CRAVEN, MR. "LULU" CAULDFIELD, MISS J. LINDSAY, AND MR. MACRAE



CHAIRS AND LAUGHTER: THE HONS. PADDY, DOMINIC, AND BIDDY BROWNE

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A MOTORIST whose car had been stuck in a muddy hole in a lonely country lane, after procuring the services of a yokel and his horse to pull him out, gave the helper a pound note, and asked, "Does this happen very often?"

"Aye, mister," the man replied, "you are the fifth to-day."

"The fifth, good heavens! That must have kept you very busy. I suppose you'll have to do your ordinary work at night, then?"

"Aye, mister, I mostly does my ordinary work o' nights."

"Really? What's your job, then?"

"Fetchin' water to fill this 'ere 'ole!"

* * *

He was fishing in the mountain stream when suddenly a loud voice broke the stillness.

"You mustn't fish here," said the newcomer; "this is my water."

The fisherman looked up.

"Is it your water up above?" he asked.

"No."

"Very well," said the other, with a smile, "I'll wait until the water above arrives here."

* * *

"Your essay is excellent, Jones," remarked the teacher, "but it is exactly the same as Brown's. What shall I conclude from that?"

"That his is excellent, too, sir," replied Jones, readily.

* * *

"Has the professor in room 15 had his breakfast yet?" asked the proprietor of the boarding-house.

"I don't know, mum," replied the maid.

"You don't know?" echoed the woman, angrily. "Go up and ask him then."

The maid shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

"I have asked him," she said, "but he doesn't know, either!"

* * *

The rich man's car was being repaired. He was impatient because the repairs were taking some considerable time.

"It must be ready by to-night," he said.

"But—" expostulated the manager of the garage.

"This is my car," thundered the owner, "and what I say goes."

A weary, greasy mechanic peeped out from under the car and in a husky voice implored—"For heaven's sake, say 'Engine'!"

* * *

He had dined bravely and well, and on the way home he fell asleep on a seat in the park. When he awoke it was pitch dark and raining. The reflection of lights on the wet pavement produced on his muddled senses the impression of a sheet of water.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "The sea!"

Whereupon he took a header and dropped heavily on the asphalt.

Bruised and badly shaken, he scrambled to his feet and murmured, in a surprised voice, "Frozen!"



MISS BETTY STOCKFELD

Sasha

A charming young lady who has come rapidly to the front in screen circles, and who has also made her name on the legitimate stage. Miss Stockfeld plays opposite lead to Seymour Hicks in "Money for Nothing," now being made at Elstree. She has not long finished "Blanche comme la Nuit," which is having a successful showing in Paris.

The club bore had been telling one lie after another all the evening. At last one member could stand it no longer. "I can tell you an experience of mine," he said, "which is rather hard to believe. I was in the Arctic region at the time. One day I was out with my gun when I came face to face with a Polar bear, and at the same instant I realized that I'd left my shot at home and had only powder with me. I came out in beads of cold perspiration, which froze at once. Scraping them off my forehead, I put them down the barrel of my gun with a charge and fired. The heat of the explosion melted them, and a stream of water shot out and froze at once. It pierced the bear's brain, where it melted. The bear died of water on the brain." He looked around. The room was empty.

* * *

A doctor who charged a guinea for the first visit and half-a-guinea for all succeeding visits, received a call from a Scotsman. The latter had not been before, but thinking he would dodge the extra half-guinea for a first visit said upon entering, "Well, here we are again doctor!"

The medico looked at him, could not remember his face, and tumbled to his game. "Well, continue with the treatment," he remarked.



ELIZABETH ARDEN

will do these lovely things for your skin

• You have perhaps let yourself "go a bit natural" through these last months . . . deprived your skin of its usual care, enjoyed every moment of outdoor life despite the weather's caprice. But now . . . let us be frank about it . . . can you honestly say your skin is as soft and fine textured as you wish it to be? Probably not . . . this is not the moment for regret, however, but for remedy. Elizabeth Arden has an exhilarating treatment to restore loveliness swiftly. She calls it *Après l'Été*. A creamy salve is spread over your face. It starts to tingle—you know that something is happening. And it is! Your blood is scurrying to the surface, to flush and purify every cell and hasten the clearing process. Afterwards, fine creams soften your skin to prevent dryness and early wrinkling. And always there is brisk patting . . . done so intelligently on important muscles that you can fairly feel your contour tighten. Improvement starts with the first treatment and each succeeding visit to the Salon makes your loveliness more assured

AND FOR THE CARE OF YOUR SKIN AT HOME YOU WILL NEED . . .

● VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM . . . to be used with refreshing liberality to effect a thorough, gentle cleansing. Your skin achieves a new softness and life that makes it readily susceptible to treatment. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

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● ARDENA VELVA CREAM . . . an exquisite cream to soothe the finest skin, and to bring new softness and delicacy to the skin roughened by exposure. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

● ORANGE SKIN FOOD . . . The mellow oils of this rich cream bring new smoothness to the thin face, restore natural oils to a dry skin. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6, 35/-

● PORE CREAM . . . to be smoothed thinly over sun and wind-coarsened surfaces with visible pores . . . To give your whole face an exceptionally smoothing and refining treatment, try mixing Pore Cream, Anti-Wrinkle Cream and Muscle Oil in equal parts. Smooth the mixture over your face like a velvety mask. Remove after ten minutes. Your make-up will go on with a new silkiness. Pore Cream 4/6, Anti-Wrinkle Cream 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, Muscle Oil 4/6, 10/6, 16/6

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A WILLING HORSE

Miss Compton Collier

Mr. A. R. Nall-Cain, M.P., gives Robin a ride while his wife and younger son, David, look on. Mrs. Nall-Cain was Miss Angela Pennyman before her marriage in 1927, and is the daughter of the Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Her husband, the only son of Sir Charles Nall-Cain, is Member for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool. This pleasant picture was taken at Ayot, St. Lawrence House, Sir Charles Nall-Cain's home in Hertfordshire

IN the days of that ancient king Belshazzar there existed a profession which made a speciality of interpreting the meaning of dreams. It may be recalled that the meaning of one of Belshazzar's dreams caused that monarch a considerable amount of perturbation, in fact, put the wind up him very badly, and in the end the dream was demonstrated to be a perfectly true forecast of unpleasant events. The dream-interpreter has gone out of business, but dreams remain and some of them are almost as uncomfortable as any that happened in those hoary times to which I refer. Some dreams are induced without doubt by the influence of happenings during our waking hours; some come for no assignable reason other than lobster for supper or the one cigar too many. I will leave anyone to whom the following dream may be of interest to place it in the category to which they think it should belong. I preface the recital of the bare facts by saying that I jotted them down at once before they had a chance to escape as dreams so often do. Here they are.

On the third of the first three sunny days we had in September, I found myself walking across Trafalgar Square, where, as usual, was gathered a large crowd of amateur bird-fanciers. The pigeons were having a really good time with their "levenses," and were making the customary and rather soothing noises which they do make when beginning to get comfortably full. Suddenly something seemed to frighten them, and the whole of the flock fluttered up into the sky, and began circling about as pigeons do. As I looked up their numbers seemed to increase in a most extraordinary manner, and as I continued to look they changed their shape, and eventually seemed to turn into a vast swarm of dragon flies. I kept on looking, and then saw that they were not dragon flies at all, but 'planes, and they sorted themselves out into long échelons of squadrons, on as it seemed to me, anything from a sixty to a hundred-mile front, and they were coming up fast, thousands of them from south-east. The droning of their engines was almost deafening. I thought it a bit odd and wondered what on earth the circus was all about, and how we, a fifth-rate air power, had managed to acquire

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

anything from 2,000 to 3,000 of the big bomber class. I had not long to wait to discover that they were not ours at all, but the property of some "friendly" power with which we had no kind of a quarrel. The most appalling din started; I could see their bombs coming down in stair-roads; far away over the east of London there was a black bank of smoke; the attack advanced; the Strand was knocked endways. I saw a streak like red sealing-wax the whole way along from the Gaiety to Charing Cross Station—it was motor-buses on the run bombed to blazes and piled up in heaps, and there was dust and fire and the screams of humanity being badly hurt and frightened. The attack carried on, wave after wave of it. If ever you have seen a flight of locusts it will give you some idea. The entrances to the tubes at Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square were choked by piles of bodies, people trying to take cover just as they did in that last little war we had. The whole place was a shambles. In a lull I looked round. The National Gallery, St. Martins-in-the-Fields, Hampton's shop, all the shipping offices, and the Admiralty Arch had gone; the Carlton was on fire, so was the U.S. Club, and even the Athenæum, and still westward as far as I could see up Pall Mall club-land was a ragged and

blazing outline of blasted ruins. I looked south. Big Ben and the Victoria Tower had gone, so had the War House and the Admiralty, and so far as I could make out they had made a peculiarly good job of those abodes of genius—Downing Street and Scotland Yard. It was perfectly sickening—one paddled in blood, and the thud of the H.E. stuff and the haze of dust was blinding—and then something else began to happen—something that caught one in the throat—the third or fourth échelon of the attack was drenching us with heavy gas, the kind that filled the tubes, and once down, stayed down. They said we had

(Continued on p. viii)

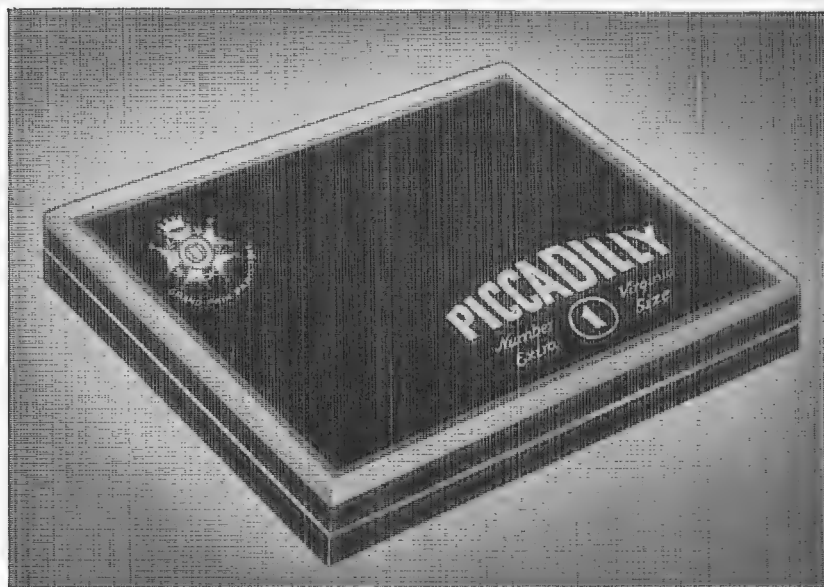


IDENTIFYING BATEMAN FACES

Longfield, Cork

Miss Mellor, Major-General Sir Guy Beatty (and Jane), General Fetherstonhaugh, and Colonel Mellor at The Butler Arms, Waterville, Co. Kerry, where the Bateman cartoon, "The Last Trout" (published in this paper on September 9) caused much amusement. It was suggested that the anglers depicted might be identified at the neighbouring "Butler Pool," which is almost as closely thronged with fishermen from dawn till midnight. This pool, on the river, which connects Lough Currane with the sea, is always packed with salmon. The season there ends to-night, September 30

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Pros. and Amateurs.

PUBLIC banquets, headlines in the Press, and the supercilious cackle of the battalion of bored broadcasters, are to-day reserved for the extraordinary, the prodigious, and the thumpingly untrue. What is truth? asked the newspaper reader. Usually a "single head" on an away page, answered the sub-editor. A complaint made to me very forcibly lately that amateur pilots obtain more than their fair share of publicity, and that the professional pilots are ignored is based upon a lack of appreciation of the kind of publicity-porridge the public will swallow.

It is just because there is an element of the extraordinary when an amateur pilot makes a long flight successfully that his feat attracts attention. It is just because there is no element of the extraordinary when a professional pilot makes a long flight successfully that his feat is ignored. Aviation progresses in inverse ratio to the publicity it receives and the better the pilot the less will be heard about him. The name of one of the finest pilots in this country is unknown to many of those who are actively engaged in aeronautics, and has never been heard of by the larger public.

When a woman pilot makes a flight, some of the publicity she receives is an oblique method of expressing surprise that she has undertaken such a task. Apart from racing and other events in which there is some immediate competitive element, it may be laid down that the more competent amateur pilots became, the less will be heard about them. Publicity is insult by implication; it damns with fulsome praise.

Mr. Sydney St. Barbe complained to me the other day with that wealth of imagery for which he is noted, that air-line pilots who fly day after day in all weathers do not receive proper notice. He even accused me of being concerned in a conspiracy of silence about them. Yet I doubt if anyone appreciates better than I do the work that has been done by professional pilots, and the very fact that we take it for granted is the highest tribute that can be paid to it.

Almost the only thing that would draw public attention to one of our professional pilots nowadays is that he

should set out for a certain place and fail to reach it. That would be news. If an Imperial Airways pilot needed publicity, all that would be necessary would be for him to set out from Paris for London and to land his passengers in Scotland. Until he does that the wider (and broader) public will take no notice of him. But writing here for that smaller (and slimmer) group of people who are genuinely interested in flying, and who know something about it, one may draw

attention to the fine work being done by our professional pilots without risk of being misunderstood.

Air-Line Pilots.

I know of no other body of men in the world with so good a record as that of the Imperial Airways pilots. They have reduced finding the way by air all over the world to something much less than an art—to a routine, a mere *morning shave*. If it is possible to fly from one place to another these pilots are able and ready to do it. Look for one moment at their record.

Mr. Olley has done 9,500 hours flying, Mr. Jones 7,500 hours, Messrs. Wilcockson, Youell, and Robinson 6,500 hours each, Mr. Dismore 5,800 hours, and Mr. Horsey 5,500 hours. These extraordinarily high times have been done in all weathers in all parts of the world. Those pilots are citizens of the world who know foreign countries as no other person living can possibly know them. They are all still flying regularly, and if it were possible to say of any human being that he never failed it could be said of them. The safety record of Imperial Airways is mainly due to their work.

Instructors.

Among other professional pilots who have achieved great things must be placed the instructors both at the schools and at the flying clubs. It is they who have been responsible for the present safe and efficient instructional systems, and it is they who have turned learning to fly from a worrying and often risky proceeding to one of the most pleasant amusements imaginable.

Men like Captain Davis of Brooklands, Captain Baker of Heston, Flight-Lieut. Findlay of Hanworth, and Major Travers of the London Club have left their mark on British aviation, and have helped to establish and to maintain the present high standard of flying skill. There are many others who are less well known, and they all deserve thanks from those who desire the success of aeronautics.

No less deserving of praise are the test pilots. Their work is perhaps the most difficult of all. It is no secret that the prosperity of aircraft manufacturing firms is markedly influenced by their test pilots. It is often the advice and criticism of the test pilot that decides the finer qualities of an aircraft.

Free Lance Pilots.

There are many other professional pilots of all of whom it may be said that the better their work the less they are noticed. There are the free lance pilots who test, taxi, and do joy-riding and any other kind of work that may come

(Continued on p. xx)



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
AND MISS MOLLY OLNEY

Watching aerial activities during the Women's Flying Meeting (the first ever held) which took place recently at Sywell aerodrome under the auspices of the women's committee of the Northamptonshire Aero Club. Miss Molly Olney was organiser-in-chief



MR. C. P.
ROBERTSON

Of the Air Ministry, to whom the public is indebted for the accuracy and fullness of its information about the Royal Air Force attempts on world's air records. Mr. Robertson is the oracle to which the newspapers of the entire world appeal when they are in search of "official statements" about aeronautical events in this country



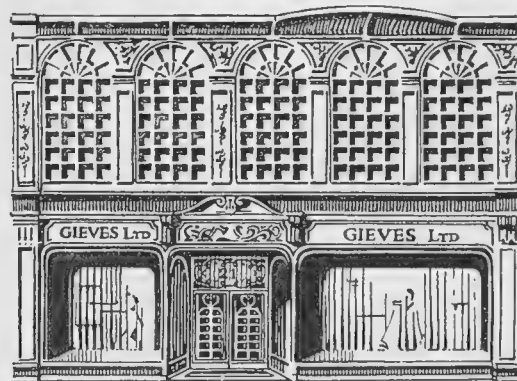
LADY DRUMMOND-HAY, MR. B. S. ALLEN,
AND MR. KARL VON WEIGAND AT MILAN

Where the new Breda 33 ("Gipsy III.") monoplane, which did so well in the recent Tour of Italy, was the centre of attraction. This machine, with two up and baggage as well as fuel for 750 miles, has a cruising speed of 120 m.p.h. Mr. Allen flew it and subsequently took up Lady Drummond-Hay as passenger. Mr. von Weigand is European representative of the Hearst Press



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IN YORKSHIRE

Captain R. Pearson and Major Gordon-Foster, M.F.H., at a hunter show and sale held recently at Birdsall. Major Gordon-Foster is Joint Master of the Sinnington with Lord Feversham, and hunts hounds himself. Birdsall, which is near Malton, is Lord Middleton's place

openly now declared that he wished he hadn't, simply because so many fatal accidents had taken place thereon. I haven't the least doubt that this is a most excellent fellow, and means extremely well. Nevertheless he has done a very foolish thing. In short he has said, more or less *ex cathedra*, that when highway mishaps occur, as highway mishaps will, it is the highway that is at fault, and not the user of it. Such an attitude cannot for a moment be logically defended. There is, at all events, to my mind no such thing as a dangerous road, and certainly no such thing as a "death-trap," always provided that the man at the wheel uses judgment. That there are many thousands of miles of modern main road built without the least regard for modern requirements, especially in the matter of tyre-gripping quality, I frankly admit—but anyone with the smallest perception can see their treacherous nature, and if he drives accordingly the innate danger of them ceases to exist. That the Great West Road, in common with many other arterial jobs, is treated as though it were a seven-mile finishing straight at Brooklands, is not the fault of the road itself, but of the driver who takes far too much for granted. These people who seem to think that just because a highway is wide it must always be clear, would be all the better for a little experience in places like the Alps and the Pyrenees. They would not gaily take blind

Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON.

At It Again.

I SUPPOSE that one of the worst features of modern journalism is that it gives so much publicity to those who do not deserve it, and even more to those who have false doctrines to preach. There was a striking case the other day, in which one of the local big-wigs who claimed to be partially responsible for the construction of the Great West Road,

corners when the only way out of an awkward meeting was a sheer drop, on to rocks, of several hundred feet. Here, of course, the risk speaks eloquently for itself. Yet, when you come to think of it, a precipice is not much more of a risk than an oncoming coach that cannot get out of your way, nor you out of its. Hence I would beg the Brentford councillor to take a pull at himself and get things in their right perspective. The G. W. Road is as safe as a church, and a very fine affair to boot. Harm only comes to those who utterly abuse it, and, alas! to their innocent victims. But there is nothing wrong with the road itself, or for that matter, with any other road. I really believe it would be a dam good thing (and it would be a gesture of economy, too) if for three months, or more, all roads outside towns were left to themselves. No police, no scouts—not even enthusiastic amateur traffic controllers. That would very soon bring traffic down to the "Stop, Look, and Listen" basis—which is the only endurable foundation of good driving. To tell motorists that they have an excuse for "crashing" is to preach a more than doubtful gospel. What they ought to be reminded of is that, short of some mechanical failure (which to-day is almost unthinkable) *all* accidents are avoidable, and *must* be avoided. At the present time we have got so accustomed to being grandmothered and dragooned that our judgment is in danger of being permanently atrophied—and too often it is not there when it is wanted.

Why Not!

I don't know whether Mr. Philip Snowden is much of a motorist. Probably not, for he has had so much to do in London of late years that he cannot often have been able to regale himself with touring over the wider parts of the British Isles. Had he done so, I am sure he would have concluded that a most excellent means of raising revenue would be to impose a small tax (say, a copper or two per sq. ft.) upon roadside advertisements, hoardings, signs, and what-not. That they are legitimate no one can deny, but that they are atrociously ugly and an offence to the eye everyone will equally grant. So far as I am myself concerned they evoke a reactionary complex, and I do not think I have ever willingly bought a ha'porth of goods so brutally and coarsely brought before my notice. For quite two years I once rigidly abstained from a brand of motor-spirit (otherwise excellent) that shrieked its virtues at almost every place where a good view was otherwise to be seen. In those days I was energetic, and I even got others to subscribe to this very modest boycott. Now, of course, almost every commodity is trumpeted at one from the road-side, and it is manifestly no good cutting off

(Continued on p. xvi)



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT PORTHCAWL CAMP

A group taken when Major Lord Marley, Under-Secretary of State for War, and General Sir Reginald Stephens, Director-General of the Territorial Army, visited the 160th Brigade (T.A.) in camp. Sitting—Captain Barnwell (Staff), Lieut.-Colonel Hawkins (6th Welch), Colonel Turnbull (K.S.L.I.), Sir Reginald Stephens, Lord Marley, Colonel Sleeman (Brigade Commander), Lieut.-Colonel Woods (4th Welch), Lieut.-Colonel O. Jones (5th Welch). Standing—Captain J. N. Slaney (Adjutant 4th K.S.L.I.), Captain Powell (Adjutant 6th Welch), Captain Lane (Adjutant 5th Welch), Lieutenant Davies (4th Welch), Captain Caesar (Staff Captain), Captain Phillips (Adjutant 4th Welch), and Captain Kinnaird (Brigade Major)

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THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF TWO SAILORS FROM THE S.S. "CEDRIC"

By R. W. DENT

EIGHT bells . . . Midnight!

Slowly, Raymond Clavering climbed the bridge ladder of the White Star liner *Cedric*. Always punctual, he was now relieving for the middle watch. On the bridge, John Wentworth, officer of the first watch, paced up and down.

"Good morning Wentworth," said Raymond Clavering. "By George! what perfect weather; full moon, the sea a glassy calm. What else could a sailor desire?"

Standing well over six feet, powerfully built, Raymond Clavering was every inch a sailor. Six years in a renowned sailing ship line was responsible for this. Such men are to-day, unfortunately, seldom met with.

"Yes," replied Wentworth. "It certainly is a wonderful night. Well, there she goes. . . . Course, N. 85 deg. W., speed fourteen knots. By the way, I sent the quartermaster of my watch aft to read the log at five minutes to twelve. He hasn't reported it yet. When he does will you enter it up for me?"

"Right you are my lad," replied Raymond Clavering. "You go down and get your beauty sleep. I will see to the log. These quartermasters are getting slack, and I must give this fellow a dressing-down when he returns. Why it is nearly ten minutes past twelve! I expect he is yarning in the galley."

Raymond Clavering checked the ship's position on the chart. Coming out on to the bridge again he glanced aft at the wake made by the liner. It stretched away almost to the horizon—how brilliantly white it looked to-night—glistening like a lane of snow in the moonlight.

The wheel-house clock showed twelve-twenty. "Confound that quartermaster," muttered Raymond Clavering. "What the devil can have happened to him."

"Quartermaster!" he shouted. "Go down below and find Jones. It is nearly one bell, and he hasn't reported the log for the first watch yet."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the quartermaster, running down the bridge ladder.

Twenty minutes later the quartermaster returned. He had searched the entire ship, but there was no sign of Jones.

"How extraordinary," exclaimed Raymond Clavering. "What can have happened to him; it is not likely he has fallen overboard, for he is too old a sailor? Well, I suppose the only thing is to report it to the old man."

Going to the captain's speaking-tube, he blew down it. In a moment Captain Gower was awake. "What is the matter?" Raymond Clavering told the captain about the missing quartermaster. "I will be up in one minute," came the reply.

Five minutes later Captain Gower stood on the bridge. "We had better have a look around for him in case he has fallen overboard." The helm of the liner was put over, and soon she was steaming back along her own wake. Look-outs were placed at the masthead, the sea-boat was made ready for lowering.

For an hour the *Cedric* steamed westwards, until they estimated the position of the ship was well beyond where she was at midnight; then turning back on her original course speed was reduced, and a still more careful look-out kept. But there was no sign of the missing man.

The first streaks of dawn found the captain still on the bridge. He looked tired, his face was haggard and drawn. No ship likes losing anyone. Despite the small chance of the quartermaster being found no effort was spared.

Soon after six, however, the search was abandoned, and the liner resumed her course to Liverpool.

Throughout the day the passengers discussed the missing quartermaster. An atmosphere of gloom sat on the ship. Most of the passengers were men, many of them were wealthy merchants returning to England after profitable transactions in America.

One passenger, named Crichton, seemed particularly interested in the missing man. Crichton was a giant of a man, with heavy features, and prominent dark eyes. At the moment he was holding forth to a group of passengers in the smoke-room.

"I have heard," he was saying, "there is a peculiar form of insanity which attacks people after long periods at sea, when their eyes get no relief from the sea. In the days of sailing ships, when they went anything up to six months without sighting land, men have been known to jump overboard. Later, with the coming of steam, and the shorter voyages, such cases have become rare."

"It would seem," Crichton continued, "that for no known reason these people develop an uncontrollable desire to jump overboard. Mind you, this is not suicide as we know it. Frequently they are perfectly normal people without any troubles. You cannot tell me this quartermaster accidentally

fell overboard. He was an old sailor, and well—suicide? I very much doubt it. He was one of the most popular sailors on board so foul play is out of the question. And," concluded Crichton (with a far-away look in his eyes), "it would seem that on these very calm nights when the moon is full and when the wake stretches out snowy white astern, this is the time such people choose to end their lives."

Some of the passengers seemed impressed with Crichton's theory; others shook their heads in disagreement. Not a few afterwards remarked on the strange look in Crichton's eyes as he held forth.

Midnight again! Raymond Clavering was met by a very white-faced officer of the watch.

"What's up, my boy?" asked Raymond Clavering. "You look as if you had just sighted the *Flying Dutchman*."

"The quartermaster has not reported the log," replied Wentworth, in a voice that shook ever so slightly.

(Continued on p. iv)



A FRIENDLY INTERNATIONAL CONTEST

The combined teams, plus the umpire, in a match which took place recently in Austria. Left to right: Mr. Pearson, Baron Urban, Count Kinsky, Baron Parnegg, Baron Güdel, Count de Pret, Colonel Vivien Lockett, Mr. Pease, and Baron Lui. The result of this unofficial international test was not signalled by the photographer

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THERE is splendid news this week; the new North of England Championship has been won by somebody whom the world did not expect to win. Now that must not be taken as any disparagement of those who were expected to win—and didn't. Far from it. Only in every quarter of England it seems as if certain golfers were so often established on a pedestal, from which nobody dares to push them, so that when some brave soul does up and do it, the rest of the world not only applauds a good push, but also sets about all sorts of high adventures afterwards with real hope.



Take that! Miss Elsie Corlett (Royal Lytham and St. Annes) driving during the North of England ladies' championship, which was won by Miss Jessie Firth of Formby



Miss Beryl Brown (Formby), the Lancashire champion, in play at Birkdale, where the North of England championship was held. Both she and Miss Corlett were beaten in the semi-finals, the latter by Mrs. Clement, the runner-up

Accordingly, hats off, whether bowlers or bérêts, to Miss Jessie Firth of Formby, for becoming the first champion of the North of England.

Perhaps it was a trifle blind of the prophets not to have thought of her in advance. She has kept on showing herself an extremely sound foursome player, which has often proved the preliminary to great things in singles, and the trip to America with Miss Fishwick's party this Spring seems to have done wonders in bringing on Miss Firth. She deserves every sort of credit. As a start she qualified second, and her morning round of 82 was as good as anybody did all day. (And 82 round Birkdale when nearly at full stretch means that remarkably few shots went astray, for it was exceptionally wet just then.) Then

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

she beat Lady Alness one up, and followed that up by putting out the Northumberland champion, Miss Tate. So far, so very good. But there was better still to come, because after that she was up against the player who occupies the pedestal for that part of Lancashire so completely that it must take rare courage for anybody to think it possible that the pushing business could ever succeed. Not a bit of it. Miss Firth refused to be frightened of Miss Beryl Brown, Lancashire champion though she be; nor did she allow herself to be shaken out of her utterly steady and reliable golf by the wet greens, which were Miss Brown's undoing. She turned square and won on on the last green, though she gave herself something of a fright when 3 up and 4 to go dwindled to 1 up and 2. Miss Brown, of course, was in the unenviable position of being attacked, and must have found it one of those moments when a pedestal is anything but a comfortable perch.

Not content with Northumberland and Lancashire champions providing her with scalps, Miss Firth then went on to collect the Cheshire champion's, Mrs. Clement, who was fresh from a morning triumph of beating Miss Elsie Corlett 2 up. Perhaps with that behind her Mrs. Clement relaxed; at all events, the sting had gone out of her, and by the end of 8 holes she was 4 down. Certainly Miss Firth had taken those 8 holes in level 4, which was some excuse. She did not quite keep up those figures, and Mrs. Clement won the 9th and 13th

holes, but then Miss Firth came back again, and the match was hers by 4 and 3. A great performance that, of which she has every reason to be proud.

Mercy me, what a wicked crack some men can hit the ball! Truly, when you see the Norfolk champion, Mr. J. H. Thompson—or rather hear him, for he makes the ball whistle like a rifle bullet—you feel that most women could just put their clubs away and own that they only play pat-ball. It's a bit disheartening. These sad thoughts are the result of watching the first day of the first Central England Open Autumn Mixed Foursomes which Woodhall Spa have instituted. The national emergency kept away a certain number, but those who came were certainly living up to Drake on Plymouth Hoe, Mr. Snowden's advice to the nation to keep your heads, and all the other wise folk who steady England in times of crisis. And the result was an extraordinarily friendly, cheerful gathering, and because most of the good couples had managed to come, some remarkably good golf. At the moment of going to press opinion is divided between the said Mr. Thompson and Miss Marjorie Livingstone, Mrs. Sparrow and Mr. Bowman, Miss Gourlay and Flight-Lieut. Silvester, and Miss Lobbett and Mr. Straker as possible winners.

This looks like becoming one of the most popular tournaments of the year; Woodhall is beloved of every lady golfer, and quite possibly of many a man—and a handicap event can be very pleasant if the partner of your choice has shortcomings on the golf course which a few strokes can remedy. The ladies drive from slightly shortened tees; there is a genial atmosphere over everything, and even a terrific match which goes to the last green (like Sir Basil and Lady Eddis against Miss Livingstone's side, or Mr. and Mrs. Gunn against Mrs. Royston Mills and Mr. Stapleford), never degenerates into grimness.



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richards after their wedding at West Bromwich. Mrs. Richards, formerly Miss Joan Withers, is a member of the Staffordshire county team and one of the best players in the Midlands

AT THE STRAND THEATRE



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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



The problem of finding smartness and comfort in a hat is solved by the Walmar models, all of which are inspired by Paris. Felt makes the tricorn at the top, the brim relieved with insertions of velvet; the one in the centre is of reversible velour, the chef-d'œuvre on the right being of felt with a crystal feather



Pink with a Touch of Green.

The fashions in Take Two From One at the Haymarket Theatre are of interest, as they are decided-

cape. Gina Malo's modern dress is of majolica blue satin, the perfectly fitting hip yoke suggests a lattice work finished with flat bows, the remainder of the skirt being accordion pleated. The corsage, of the bébé genre, has puff sleeves edged with marabout.

georgette frock. The lower portion of the skirt in front is massed with frills; some are carried round to the back, thereby suggesting an apron.

Clever Interpretations.

There is no doubt about it that Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W., is endowed with the unusual art of interpreting Parisian fashions to suit her clientèle. All interested in dress must make a point of visiting her salons at the earliest opportunity; she never overlooks the fact that there are only a few women with sylph-like proportions. Naturally her evening dresses are robbed of their backs, nevertheless she has invented a very clever device, which conquers the troubles of this vogue; in form it is not unlike a brassière, and is expressed in flesh-coloured net embroidered with jewels. There are many variations on this theme as well as on the "brace" back. There is a splendid

(Continued on p. ii)

Fashions in "Viktoria and Her Hussar."

ALL who are in doubt regarding the charm of the autumn fashions must go and see *Viktoria and Her Hussar* at the Palace Theatre, as they are perfectly beautiful. The new silhouette has wide shoulders, slender hips, and a certain amount of fullness below them. There is no bustle, for these dresses have been designed and carried out by Norman Hartnell, who frankly confesses that he has a rooted objection to the revival of old-world modes. The Japanese costumes at the American Embassy in Tokio are a riot in gorgeous colours and materials, and the embroideries—their glory must be seen to be realised. Barbara Diu's (she is Lia San) pyjamas are delightful, the trousers are of a delicate sulphur shade of georgette; they are drawn tightly round the ankles so that black sandals are revealed. The corsage is outlined with black jet beads and so is the coat, which is a study in subtle peach shades, embroidered with gold.

Macaw Green and Silver Fox.

It is impossible to describe more than a few of the dresses in *Viktoria and Her Hussar*, nevertheless they are all of interest. The heroine, Margaret Carlisle, appears in several modern dresses as well as in a Hungarian peasant's. For wearing at the American Embassy her choice has alighted on one of macaw green romaine. The skirt is arranged with a slanting flounce, which is repeated on her light shoulder wrap, and is emphasized by a silver fox stole; the paradise plumes in her felt hat echo the slanting effect, the scheme being completed with long green suède gloves. Barbara Diu's afternoon dress is of white georgette; after the hips are passed the skirt is accordion pleated; there is an amusing coatee of black ciré satin with a Grecian effect in front; her gloves are black, while her hat is white relieved with black. In another scene she appears in a pale pink satin dress. It is moulded to her figure, the requisite width across the shoulders being achieved by a cross-over

edly wearable; there is nothing bizarre about them. Gertrude Lawrence, as the first wife, is seen in a pink lace evening dress; the skirt maintains the slender silhouette, while the corsage has a becoming cape cut in spade form at the back. An unusual note is the bright green handkerchief scarf; sometimes she wears it and sometimes she plays with it. In another scene she dons a negligée of midnight-blue georgette with angel sleeves lined with Oriental fuchsia-red. The neckline is finished with a plait in which these colours are present. Simplicity is the salient feature of her dinner dress; it suits her to perfection. It is carried out in gold and white brocade, and with it she carries a pale-green handkerchief. Peggy Ashcroft's dresses are representative of the rôle she plays—the restful wife. On the liner she wears a white suède crêpe dress with a draped berthe, while in another act she is seen in a pale pink



This top coat and dress are Margaret Barry's (64, New Bond Street, W.) interpretation of the autumn-winter modes. It is expressed in one of the new autumn tweeds and is a study in black and green; the smartly tied cravat and cuffs are of black fur and the bag with the zip fastening is of tweed. (See p. ii)

Ella Fulton

THIS IS HOW
AGNÈS INTERPRETS
THE NEW HAT

PARIS FASHIONS

ISSUE OF

VOGUE

OUT TO-DAY PRICE 11-



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This is perhaps the most important number of the whole season. And certainly Vogue's expert guidance has never been so important as now.

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What if you do not want a single one of the models from the great houses shown in it? You can still use them as a standard in choosing the clothes you do need, in your own shops, at your own price range.

Some of the items in this issue

Pages and pages of clothes photographed and sketched at the Paris Openings, chosen for chic, beauty, wearability • Sketches of important details in the new mode • New hats • How to use the smallest piece of fur to get the greatest chic • Inexpensive sportswear • Hacking Clothes, described by the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps • Discoveries in Chic • "The Bargain of the Fortnight" • How to dress your hair, whether you're old or young • New Vogue Patterns • Advice to golfers, by Miss Joyce Wethered •



THIS IS HOW PATOU
MAKES THE LONG
EVENING WRAP

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

assortment of velvet frocks as well as of satin, the new raisin nuance being well represented! The cowl drapery has been persuaded to relinquish its roll of crumb catcher and now lies flat. Again, there is the fish-wife skirt; the drapery may be detached and worn as a cape if preferred. It would be wearisome reading were a description of even a tenth of the triumphs of the dressmakers given; a visit is essential. The catalogue would be sent on application.

Fashions in Fur.

Revilleon, 180, Regent Street, have revealed their secrets regarding their collection of autumn and winter furs. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that generally speaking prices are about half what they were last season. Caracul is on the crest of the wave and is never seen to greater advantage than in black or brown; the markings are exceptionally beautiful. Mink coats are within the reach of even those whose exchequers have been depleted; they may, indeed, be regarded as gilt-edge investments. Not so an eight-skin stole of natural Russian sable for a 1,000 guineas. Much attention has been focussed on creating new notes in sleeves and collars. Furthermore, in addition to fur and fur-trimmed coats there are accessories of the tippet cape and coatee genre; they are made in a variety of furs, including ermine, rabbit, and galyak. There are many scarves in two-tone furs accompanied by barrel muffs, and there is a lovely pair of snow-white pyjamas, trimmed with ermine, with coatee of the same lovely fur; without the coatee they cost something in the neighbourhood of £40.

The Tweed Ensemble.

The very ensemble that women have been seeking will be encountered in Margaret Barry's, 64, New Bond Street, W. She does, indeed, understand how to dress women to suit their individuality. The model of which two views are given on p. 596 may be seen there. The seated figure is wearing the dress; note the helpful belt and vest, and the fabricating medium is tweed, but totally different from the material that was associated with that name a few seasons ago; it is ever so soft, and has a very slimming effect on the figure. The coat likewise pictured is enriched with caracul, and it is of this fur that the smartly tied cravat is made, the pochette being of tweed with a zip fastening. In this instance the colour scheme is green and black; there are many others in which it would look equally well.

Just What Walmar Means.

Women are able to find the perfect hat in the Walmar models as the unusual combination of smartness and comfort are united; they are made in a wide range of sizes and are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Leslie Jones, Walmar House, Regent Street, W., who will send

the name and address of the nearest agent. They are all Paris inspired, some being actual copies of Paris models. A trio of these hats finds pictorial expression on p. 596. The one at the top is of felt, velvet insertions appearing on the up-standing brim; below it is a *chef-d'œuvre* whose fount of inspiration is the Glengarry; it is carried out in reversible velour. The last of the trio is of felt, the miniature feather being of crystal; it is a very effective form of decoration.

tweeds in autumn mixtures. Illustrations of these appear in the catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

* * *

Idealize Your Type.

There are five fundamental figure types—average, big abdomen, short below waist, big hip, and sway-back—and the Berlei foundation garments have been created scientifically to idealize them; and, of course, they are all British, and are sold by all outfitters of prestige at prices that suit all exchequers. Should difficulty be



Characteristic of the autumn fashions is this ensemble from the ready-to-wear department at Jay's, Regent Street, W. It is made of black suède velour; the dress is trimmed with oxidised buttons and buckles and the coat with Persian paw

Ready to Wear.

There has been assembled in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street, a collection of day and evening frocks, and ensembles; they are sure to make an appeal to women who wish to be well and at the same time economically dressed. The model pictured on this page is 14 guineas and is carried out in black suède velour. The dress is relieved with oxidized buttons and buckles and is provided with a becoming hip-yoke and pleats. The short coat, of which two views are given, is trimmed with Persian paw. Then there are tunic-frocks in pheasant-eye fabrics, trimmed with white silk piqué and buttons; although there is a deep basque and suède belt, the cost is merely 5½ guineas. For 6½ guineas there are coats and skirts in fashionable knotted

Model, Jay's

Pictures by Blake

experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Berlei, Regent Street, W. Figure beauty may be the portion of everyone without any sacrifice of comfort or health. A strong point in their favour is that they can be easily laundered. Among the clever devices for improving the silhouette is a laced diaphragm control; it is invisible, therefore there is no unsightly ridge; it does its work quietly and unostentatiously. Again, with these one-piece foundation garments it is impossible for the figure to annex a pneumatic tyre roll of superfluous tissue in the vicinity of the waist.



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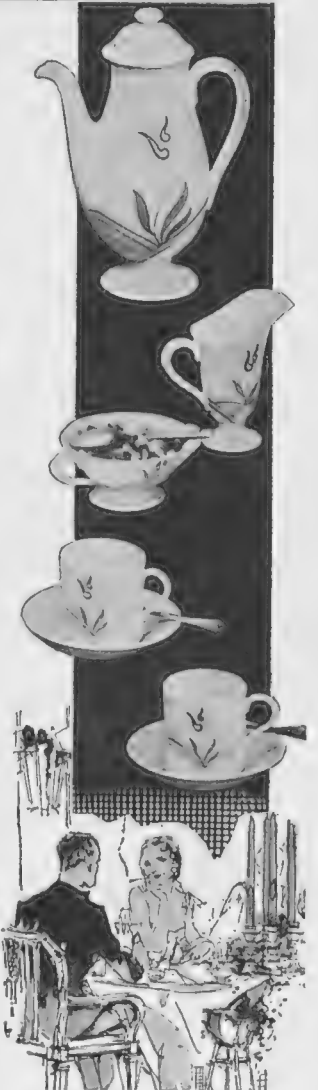
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IN "THE OLD BACHELOR"



MR. HAY PETRIE AND MISS DOROTHY DUNKELS



MISS GRACE WILSON, MISS BETTY BAXENDALE, AND MISS DIANA WYNYARD

Congreve's first comedy was recently revived by Sir Nigel Playfair at the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Edith Evans as Laetitia. "The Old Bachelor" has been slightly censored, but the producer admitted that possibly he had not been quite ruthless enough to please everyone. And who could play fairer than that? Mr. Hay Petrie as the disreputable Setter, and Miss Dorothy Dunkels as the maid Lucy, give good performances. Miss Grace Wilson is Araminta, and Miss Diana Wynyard a very attractive Belinda

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF TWO SAILORS FROM THE S.S. "CEDRIC"—continued from p. 592

Raymond Clavering emitted a low whistle. "The deuce," he exclaimed, "another quartermaster! It looks to me as if there is a bit of foul work going on somewhere. Call the old man, and look out for me on the bridge. I intend reading the log myself this time. I will take a torch and whistle. If you hear my whistle send as many hands aft as you can muster. I do not feel like ending my young life yet."

Raymond Clavering leapt down the bridge ladder, then down the next to the saloon deck. There were very few lights about the deck. The long run of the star-board side of the saloon deck was deserted but for one person.

A tall man in a dressing-gown was leaning over the rail at the extreme after end. Coming close, Raymond Clavering recognized him. It was Crichton. "Good evening, sir," said Raymond Clavering. "It is a bit late for you to be up."

"Yes," replied Crichton. "I am just having a final smoke before turning in. What are you doing. I thought you kept the middle watch."

"So I do," replied Raymond Clavering. "I'm just having a look around to see everything is all right for the night."

"Oh," replied Crichton, in a peculiar voice. "I thought perhaps you were looking for the lost quartermaster."

"Queer devil," mused Raymond Clavering continuing his way aft. Crossing the well deck, he mounted the poop ladder. The poop was in darkness, but the moonlight made it unnecessary for him to use his torch. He approached the taffrail, from which the patent log revolved. He could see the brass dial glistening in the half light. Suddenly he heard the soft, but swift pad of feet. Turning quickly, he found

himself in the terrible clasp of Crichton. He was foaming at the mouth, and raving mad!

Bodily he lifted Raymond Clavering towards the rail, and all the time shrieking. "Overboard with you. I must see something human floating in that beautiful white lane."

Realizing he was in the hands of a madman, who would certainly send him after the other two men, he exerted every bit of his strength. But, it was useless, and he only succeeded in blowing his whistle.

As though Raymond Clavering was a baby, Crichton lifted him over the rail.

Clutching desperately at the rail, he fought for his life, but his wrists were seized in a vice-like grip and torn away. And then Raymond Clavering struck the water. Coming to the surface, in a flash he remembered the log line towing astern of the liner. With powerful strokes he swam athwart the wake, hoping by this means to pick up the log line. To his joy he felt the line rushing through his hands. Would he be able to hold it? . . . the line was tearing his hands to threads, and then he felt it slowing, and finally stop. The liner had stopped. She was turning and a boat was being lowered.

Less than twenty minutes later Raymond Clavering sat in the Captain's cabin. He was very exhausted, and the blood streamed from his hands, as the doctor bathed them.

"It was a near shave," said Captain Gower. "We had the devil's own job to secure Crichton. He is safe now, and will not come out of a straight jacket until we reach Liverpool."

To-day Crichton is in a London asylum. He is as sane as you or I. Only one thing brings on his awful form of madness. The white wake made by a ship, and it is at its worst when the moon is at the full.



MAKING A START

Miss Helen Greg and Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, Lady Cromartie's only daughter, ready for the road at Pearsie near Kirriemuir in Angus, where they have been fellow-members of a recent house party. Miss Greg is the daughter of Major John Greg, C.B.E.

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AIRWAY AND



Bale

MISS WREY, MISS MILLS, AND MR. YOUNGER

At Cote Hill, Bosworth, Aerodrome, where aerial activities were the reason for a gathering of spectators last week. Gliding was included in the programme. Miss Wrey is Major Heseltine's step-daughter, and a very light-hearted young lady

BRIG.-GENERAL E. N. TANDY
AND (right) MR. J. A. DEWAR

Two of the many competitors for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup at our famous contemporary's Invitation Golf Meeting, a popular annual fixture held this year at Stoke Poges. Mr. J. A. Dewar needs no introduction as the owner of Cameronian. General Tandy used to be a Gunner

FAIRWAY



Bale

MORE SPECTATORS AT COTE HILL

Another group of air minded people, including Lady Bray, Anne Lady Mexborough, Mrs. Heseltine, and Mr. Lindsay Everard, the Member for Melton. Mrs. Heseltine is the wife of Major Godfrey Heseltine of The Hill, Lutterworth

HARVEY NICHOLS

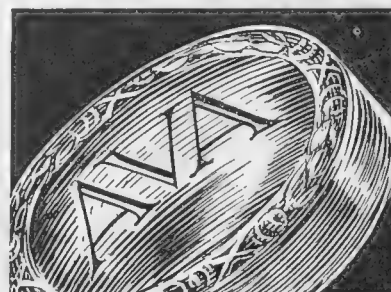


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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 586

a scheme of huge curtains and a pumping system to tackle this sort of thing. Nice chance it had with every road blocked with the débris and the casualties! The only things that were not down, I remember quite definitely, were Nelson and King Charles. They still stood land-marks amongst the wreckage.

And all this time for some reason or other I was still alive, most of the rest being dead or near it. The only thing that had happened to me was that I had had all the clothes bar one shoe blown off me! So I walked across to Anderson, Anderson and Anderson's shop to see if I could borrow a mackintosh. All the shop windows were smashed, but it was still standing. There were two stiffs on the floor and another deader lying across the counter, and so, as I couldn't ask anyone, and hadn't any money even if I could, I just pinched the first trench-coat I could, and then I thought I'd leave Trafalgar Square, a most unhealthy spot, and go somewhere else. Eventually I found I had got to Victoria Station which had not been strafed. There was a large crowd taking shelter inside, and some stretcher cases were being brought in by the St. John ambulance people, and there was a fire-engine or two trying to get to places on fire. Quite impossible, of course, because, as I say, the streets were blocked with bricks and stone and corpses, and also full of shell-holes. However, the Fire Brigade were having a dart,

stout fellows as ever. The bombardment had swung away westward, and things were fairly quiet, but we hadn't long to wait. Suddenly a fleet of greeny-grey armoured cars, on caterpillar wheels necessarily, swung into the station yard and halted in front of the crowd lined up under the station porticos. Out of the leading car hopped a nasty-looking little maggot of an officer in a gas-mask and Sam Browne, *avec* revolver and holster. He pulled his mask off, and I remember was even uglier without it, and walked down the line as if he were looking for someone. I knew at once whom he was after. It was a ducat to a duck's egg on me! It was. I will not reproduce the language in which he spoke, because I think that would be indiscreet, but what he said was:

"Here, you! You'll be shot at once for dreaming this dream and giving the show away. Your blasted counter-attack has messed us up. We can't get back! But *you* are for it! Stand clear!"

And then, of course, I woke!



BROWN STUDIES

More features of the social tannery at Monte Carlo. Left to right in this group are: Sir George Colthurst, Mr. Studley Herbert, Mrs. Marion-Crawford, Lord Scarsdale, Mr. Marion-Crawford, Lady Scarsdale, and Madame Scaparelli. Mrs. Marion-Crawford is the daughter of the late the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, and a kinswoman of Lord Harrington

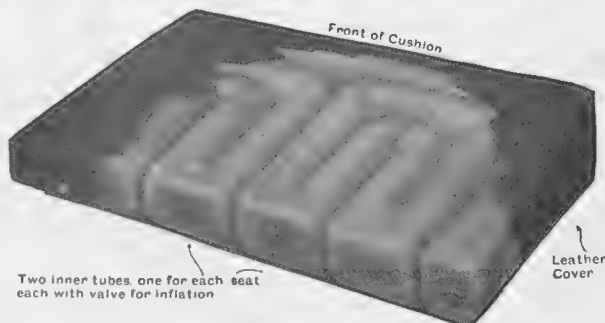
Barba

* * *
The Old War Horses' (Egypt) Fund which Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke is running so ably has been enriched during the past week by a fiver sent to me by Mr. Arthur R. B. Owen, 6, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2, and this has been passed on. The organizer goes back to Cairo; but anyone who believes that these poor old soldiers of the King should be rescued from what they are going through, knows of two addresses to which to send his little bit. The account at Lloyds Bank, Fleet, will be kept open, but the funds have been transferred to the National Bank of Egypt in Cairo. Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's address is 4, Rue Alexandre le Grand, Heliopolis, Cairo.

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of late years have been made on "Float-on-Air"; the late Sir Henry Segrave used these cushions on land and sea, and Sir Malcolm Campbell and Kaye Don do the same. All the Supermarines S 6 B (Schneider Trophy type) are fitted with "Float-on-Air." No other make of pneumatic cushion can show anything like these results, which prove that for killing vibration and standing the hardest wear there is nothing to compare with

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



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St. Columba, Miri, Sarawak, and afterwards before the Resident.

Next Month.

On October 1, Mr. Paul Dean Thompson, American Vice-Consul at Plymouth, and Miss Patricia Keppel-Reede, are being married at Plymouth; the 16th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. H. C. D. Hayter, R.A.F., and Miss Mary Hampton, which is to be at the Parish Church (St. Giles's), Ashted; and on the 24th, Captain O. N. D. Sismey and Miss Anne Phillips are being married at Bembridge.

A New Year Wedding.

Early next year, Mr. Henry Walter Moberly, M.C., the son of the late Canon Walter Moberly, marries Miss Elspeth Irene Moberly, the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Moberly and Mrs. Moberly of Bassett, Southampton.

In Sarawak.

Mr. Robert Henry Woodforde Hamilton and Miss Evelyn Elisabeth Noble are being married on November 19 at the Church of



Holloway
MR. AND MRS. PETER SYKES

Who were married recently at Creaton. The bride was formerly Miss Nina Coote, the younger daughter of Colonel Charles H. Eyre Coote, J.P., and Mrs. Coote of Highgate House, Creaton, and Mr. Peter Sykes, Queen's Bays, is the elder son of Colonel H. P. Sykes and Mrs. Sykes of Longford Hall, Newport, Salop

Recent Engagements

Mr. Peter Trayton Kenward, 14/20 Hussars, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kenward of Preston House, Basingstoke, Hants, and Miss Elizabeth Kemp-Welch, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Kemp-Welch of 147, Victoria Street, S.W., and Curtis Meadow, Kineton, Warwickshire; Mr. Hans Henning, the only son of the late Frau Johanna Henning (née von Koblinki), and Herr Johannes Henning of 212, Kurfurstendamm, Berlin, and Miss Moyra Blanche May Ponsonby, the only daughter of Mr. Claude Ponsonby and Mrs. Ronald Brooke; Mr.

John Addison Russell Colam, Royal Horse Artillery, the son of Mr. R. E. Colam, K.C., and Mrs. Colam of the Dene, Westcott, and Miss Helen Tod, the eldest daughter of the late Major A. G. W. Tod, Cheshire Regiment, and Mrs. Tod, Old Mill House, Westcott, Dorking; Mr. Rutger Henrik von Seth of Alvesta Dalarna, Sweden, the son of the late Major Edward von Seth and Mrs. von Seth of Stockholm, and Miss Phyllis Maud Donnison, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Donnison of Highgate, N.



Lafayette
MISS MAY SANDERSON

Who is engaged to Mr. Charles Morgan Singer, Royal Engineers, the son of Brigadier-General C. W. Singer, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Singer of Haywards, Middle Wallop, Hants, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Plummer Sanderson of 50, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.



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THIS new side-hooking Corset Belt of strong peach broché has adjustable back-lacing which ensures a perfect silhouette. Made with the new higher waistline, it is deep-fitting below; the panels are of strong hand-woven elastic. Firmly boned; for average and full figures. Waist sizes 28-33 ins.

69/6

Dainty Brassière in peach-coloured lace over net, of medium depth, to meet top of corset. Bust sizes 32-38 ins.

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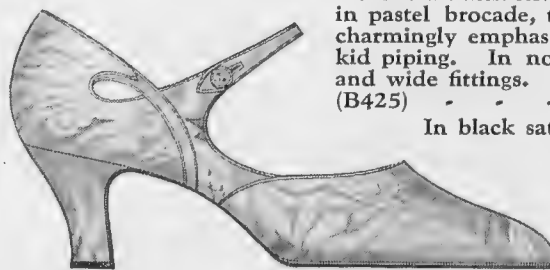
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the House of Jay's can claim to have a world-wide reputation for Women's Dress and Accessories of the most up-to-date and exclusive character. What is, perhaps, not so well known is that we also have a large selection of Ready-to-Wear Coats, Costumes, etc., adapted from the latest Paris models, and made by Experts from the best quality materials at prices which are exceptionally moderate and keenly competitive. The illustration below is an example.

Note.—Our most exclusive models are never advertised, nor are they displayed in our windows.



A TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE exploiting the companionate - fabric idea, consisting of top-coat of dark green wool canvas with stand-up collar and strapped cuffs, with a frock in similar material of lighter weight.

Also in red and blue - 12½ gns.

READY-TO-WEAR DEPT.
(Second Floor).

JAY'S
LTD.
REGENT STREET,
LONDON,
W.1.

"Yvonne"

This graceful two-piece Evening Gown in Silk Georgette and Lace is typical of Druce's exclusive styles for the Autumn.

The sleeve of the Coatee is cut to give a cape effect which is daintily becoming. The gown is lined in crêpe de chine throughout. In S.S.W. to W. fittings.

In new shades of Beige, Green, Saxe, Pink and in Black.

4½ Gns.

Illustrations of other Autumn Fashions on request.

DRUCE  of BAKER ST
LONDON, W.1

"FOR PERSONAL SERVICE"

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

By the time these notes appear the real show season will have opened again, with the big show of the Scottish Kennel Club held in Edinburgh on September 30 and October 1. To one who attends many shows each of the big ones has a peculiar atmosphere, and the show at the Waverley Market is usually remarkable for the large entries of sporting dogs and the presence of their attendants. There is always a particularly well-staged parade of winners on the second day to compete for the cup offered for the best of all breeds at the show.

There has been a certain amount of discussion lately about two-days' shows in the doggy press. It is impossible to imagine a show of the magnitude of the K.C., the Scottish K.C., Birmingham, or our Open Show compressed into a single day. One-day shows are all right but they are far too hurried for business, or pleasure, for that matter. It is a case of, "What you gain on the swings you lose on the roundabouts," and what you gain in arriving late and leaving early you certainly lose in advertisement for your kennel, and in business. Anyone visiting a show with the intention of starting a breed has no encouragement when the dogs he wishes to see are first in the ring and then going home, and never on their benches, which is

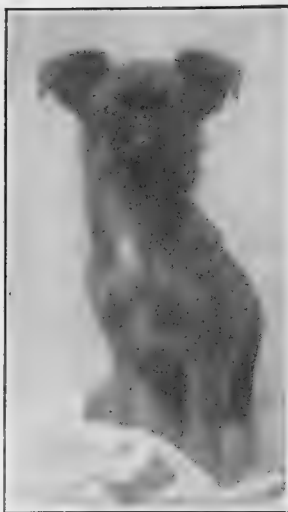
the case with a one-day show.

Among toy breeds the Brussels griffon is deservedly popular. It is small, hardy, and of great intelligence, and has an impudent expression which is very attractive in a small dog. Miss Curtis's dogs are well known to us. She sends an attractive snapshot of a young lady she wishes to sell to a good home. The lady is very small. She also has a very small young gentleman for disposal, both at moderate prices.



MELODY OF GREYSTONES

The property of Miss Heuston



BRUSSELS GRIFFON

The property of Miss Curtis

Mrs. Bosanquet sends a picture of some wire-haired pups. She has several for sale. Her pups are well known to us, and we all know also what a pal a wire-haired terrier is—up to anything, anywhere, with anyone. These are just ready to go and, she says, are good ones. She also has some older ones for disposal.

Miss Heuston has been prevented by illness from attending many shows lately, and has been much missed. She sends a picture of Melody of Greystones and says: "She is certainly the most beautiful bitch but, like all mine, 'blushes unseen' these days. She is the dam of my latest U.S.A. champion bitch, Champion Rosaleen of Greystones, who got her necessary points without a single hitch." Miss Heuston has some pups to dispose of and is always pleased to show them to anyone. Her address is Eryl, Plumpton, Sussex.

I have a letter from a member who, owing to going abroad for the winter, wishes to give a charming, house-trained, prize-winning West Highland bitch as a house pet in the country on breeding terms.

I have an application for a situation as kennel-maid. The applicant has no previous experience, but would be willing to start on a small remuneration.



WIRE-HAIRED PUPS

The property of Mrs. Bosanquet

SOMETHING NEW SOMETHING NICE



A distinct flavour that will appeal to you. Spread this new Cheese and Tomato Paste for a change. Delicious on toast. With or without butter. A welcome addition to the tea table, combining greater economy with greater enjoyment. Appetising, nourishing, and of finest quality.

In glass jars, 6d. & 9d.

From Grocers.

ST. IVEL
CHEESE & TOMATO PASTE
APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD.

"ARANDORA STAR"

THE WORLD'S MOST DELIGHTFUL CRUISING LINER

CRUISES

NO holiday in all the World can approach the novel charm of a Sun-cruise on this superb vessel. As your eye is daily enchanted by new and romantic scenery, your body and mind are refreshed by comfort and luxury such as have never before been attained in all the proud traditions of the sea.

MEDITERRANEAN AND DALMATIAN COAST
October 9th, 22 days. Fare from 40 guineas.
To Malaga, Palermo, Kotor (Cattaro), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Brioni, Venice (for Padua), Corfu, Palma (Mallorca), Ceuta (for Tetuan).

CHRISTMAS CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
December 18th, 19 days. Fare from 38 guineas.
To Gibraltar (for Algieras), Barcelona, Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Spezia, Genoa, Monaco (for Nice and Monte Carlo), Palma (Mallorca), Tangier, Lisbon.

SPECIAL 46-DAY CRUISE TO WEST INDIES
January 23rd, 1932. Fare from 99 guineas.
Teneriffe, Trinidad (for Port of Spain), Nassau, Miami (for Palm Beach—America's Great Winter Playground), Havana, Jamaica, Christobal (for Panama Canal), Venezuela and Madeira.



BLUE STAR

★ LINE ★

For full particulars of these and other forthcoming Cruises apply THE BLUE STAR LINE, 3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (Ger. 5671) Liverpool: 10 Water Street and Principal Tourist Agencies.

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING



Jacobean (Fleur-de-lis Dogs).

ROUND the fireside is a place for rest and reinvigoration. Warmth is only one of the comforts you should give your family and your guests. There should as well be the glowing comfort of the live flickering flames, making for social happiness and good cheer. The Magicoal Electric Fire gives you all this without the labour and the dust and ashes of the coal or log fire.

Magicoal ELECTRIC Fires



You can see Magicoal Fires in your supply company's show-rooms, at any electrical contractor's or at Touchbutton House. Meanwhile, please write for illustrated booklet No. J.11.

BERRY'S ELECTRIC LTD.

Touchbutton House, 85 & 86 Newman St., Oxford St., W.1

Telephone: Museum 6800 (6 lines).

Works: LONDON—Wembley. BIRMINGHAM—Hall Green.

Also Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cardiff.

Magicoal Fires are Supreme.

Imitations leave you cold.

M.7.P.

Pearl & Diamonds, £140

Sapphires & Diamonds, £65

Sapphires & Diamonds, £60

Diamonds, £70

Diamonds, £115

Diamonds, £100

Diamonds, £95

Diamonds, £140

Diamonds, £40

Sapphire & Diamonds, £60

Emeralds & Diamonds, £48

Ruby & Diamonds, £57.10s.

Emeralds & Diamonds, £52.10s.

FINE VALUES

Here are interesting examples of the good value The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are in a position to offer to-day, thanks to the prevailing low prices of fine stones, platinum, etc. An illustrated catalogue of Pearl and Gem Set Jewellery willingly sent upon request.



The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, Ltd

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King

112 REGENT STREET, LONDON. W.1

Corner of Glasshouse St. No other Address

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Materials for Autumn Frocks.

Many of the smartest autumn coats are of plain materials this season, which allow plenty of scope for pretty patterned frocks to be worn beneath. October, a pleasant month, is too early for thick winter materials to be used for this purpose, and Courtauld's "San Toy" printed fabrics are an ideal solution. They are obtainable in new autumn colourings and designs and in three different textures—rayon and cotton, all rayon, and the slightly heavier rayon and wool. The fabrics can be washed, and if stretched out damp and ironed correctly will retain their original freshness for a long time. They are obtainable very inexpensively by the yard at all the leading stores, and are a boon to every needlewoman.

The New Ciro Diamond.

A new Ciro diamond has just been introduced by the famous jewellery house of Ciro Pearls of 178, Regent Street, London, W. The fire and life of these new stones closely resemble the mined stones of the Rand. The shanks, which are of solid gold, and the claws, which are of platinette, are hand-made. The price of the new Ciro diamond ring, set with either one, two, or three stones, is one guinea. These Ciro diamonds are available in a variety of sizes, and may also be had mounted in combination with pearls, sapphires, rubies, or emeralds. Like real diamonds, synthetic and other stones depend primarily for brilliance upon the way they are cut, and secondarily upon the way they are set. Ciro diamonds are cut in exactly the same way, and incidentally in all the new and fashionable shapes



The clever needlewoman will rejoice to hear that Courtauld's "San Toy" printed fabrics are now available in new autumn designs and colourings and in three textures. They are obtainable everywhere by the yard, and will make delightful dresses very inexpensively

in which real diamonds are cut. As to mounting, all Ciro reproductions of precious stones, that is diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, are handled by expert real gem mounters and setters. Ciro Pearls are satisfied that they now have a new production in their Ciro diamond. They offer it to the public with every confidence, feeling assured that it can do nothing but enhance their already high reputation.

Salutation.

Ovaltine have called their particularly interesting brochure "Salutation" because it carries with it the hearty greetings of the House of Wanda, and because of the special significance of the word itself. Greetings naturally include wishes for good health. According to the dictionaries a Salutation consists of "Words spoken or written to convey interest in another's health." Therefore the title is peculiarly suitable, because it is undoubtedly the special function of Ovaltine to promote health. It is a health-giving food. To offer it at the reduced price (viz., 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s. 9d. tins are now 1s. 1d., 1s. 10d., and 3s. 3d. respectively) is a salutation and a practical invitation to good health.

All the Essential Ingredients.

Ovaltine contains all the essential ingredients of a perfect food in a form so readily assimilable, and so well balanced, that its daily use is a positive insurance against the possibility of malnutrition. It is a physiologically correct food, and is universally accepted as an appropriate and beneficial food beverage for young and old in sickness and in health. It has attained its exceptional reputation in the opinion of medical men, pharmacists, and the public by reason of a certain quality, which is valued by all who use it.

SEE HOW THEY WASH!

All athletes like Wright's. They like its clean, healthy "open-air" smell. They respect it for the good it does them. Germs simply can't exist where Wright's is used. It is the double purpose soap—does all that soap can do—protects the skin and protects health.

Use it always.

**WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP**

6d. per Tablet.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power, and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Those who would use their natural powers to derive the maximum benefits in life, should read the AMAZING LETTER hereunder:



Mr. Alexander Paterson.

Mr. Alexander Paterson writes: "During many years of studious thought in the province of science and philosophy, the part of knowledge which interested me most was the subject of Thought itself. Since enrolling as a student of your course, I have made the greatest discovery of my life. The discovery of SELF. Apart from the wonderful effect it has had upon my personality, I recognise it as one of the biggest possibilities of all times. The discovery of Self is not sufficient. It must be developed along right lines. That is the wonderful work which you are performing with your course. The exercises contained therein, if conscientiously carried out in their proper sequence, are wonderful in their effect upon the Mind and Personality of the Student. Education is important but knowledge of Self and its development is countless times more important and explains why, sometimes, men too poor to obtain either college or university training leave their mark on life."

The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Noble thoughts enrich the mind
—And Mind is Man.
It is the POWER which lies behind
I will—I CAN."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 541-C), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium." If you wish you may enclose 6d. Postal Order or stamps of your own country to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

The charm of the Tailor-suit

A Tailored Suit by Debenhams is most exquisitely devised for Autumn wear; and has a claim, too, for practicalness which adapts itself to many occasions

It is economical to wear and economical to buy—for there is a saving moderateness in the price of all fashions by Debenhams

From Original Models made in London by our :: :: own workers :: ::

A visit to Debenhams is always a pleasure

For the Smart Occasion

Particularly becoming and useful for Autumn is this dressy Tailored Suit of novelty diagonal cloth; the coat is attractively finished with astrakhan, the skirt is well-cut on plain tailored lines. In black, brown, navy, green and blue. In three sizes. **10½ gns.**

Large sizes 1 gn. extra.

From a Molyneux Model

An exact copy of a Molyneux model is this dressy Tailored Suit of diagonal tweed, the coat is handsomely trimmed with Chinese caracul and it has a plain well-cut skirt. In black, brown, navy, green, and blue. In three sizes. **12½ gns.**

Large sizes 1 gn. extra.

Debenhams & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET

Catalogue of Autumn Fashions post free.

Debenhams Ltd.

"BUBBLE and SQUEAK"

HANDY POCKET SIZE.

A collection of Stories and Anecdotes retold by "THE TATLER" MAN.

"BUBBLE and SQUEAK" supplies the ideal reading for fireside or travelling. Read it—and you will Bubble and Squeak with laughter. In cloth bound cover with coloured wrapper and fully illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN.

Price **2/6** Postage **4d.** extra.

Order with remittance to be sent to THE TATLER, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 590

your nose to spite your face, even though most of the petrol companies have shown such becoming good taste. But here, I think, if ever there was one, is a good thing to tax. I leave it to others to decide how to get that nice balance between deriving a splendid revenue from it and taxing it clean out of existence—but I own that I strongly lean to the latter alternative. In the meantime—for it takes a long time for Chancellors to develop imagination—what about a League for the Patronage of Nice-looking Service Stations and for Persistently Passing the Ugly Ones? Anyone who starts it can count on me as a Founder Member.

New and Good.

Looking back at past automobile progress through a perspective of years that is rapidly growing a good deal longer than I like to think about, I should say that as a general rule a commanding tendency has been for designers to start with comparatively small cars and to gravitate to bigger ones. That is a very natural thing, for no *clientèle* stays put. It does not lose its love for its favourite make, but it makes more money and its family increases, and it thus offers a demand which is not to be ignored. But in the case of the new Crossley 10-h.p. we have a reversal of this process, for, if my memory be not amiss, this latest and eminently promising car is quite the lowest powered to which the famous name has been attached. Mark well that I say "lowest powered" and not "slowest," for I am given to understand that in spite of its moderate rating it is good for a handsome 70 m.p.h., complete with a natty standard saloon body that will genuinely hold its full complement of passengers in typically Crossley comfort. It is interesting to see that the engine embodies the overhead inlet and side exhaust valve scheme (long a feature of Humbers), the object of which is to get a simple valve-gear system plus a "non-pinking cylinder" head. I am looking forward to trying this car very much.

Motor and Air Notes

The answer to the many people who wonder what is the value to the motor and aviation industries of speed attempts like the Schneider Trophy race is given by Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, the managing director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., one of the most prominent figures in the industry. "As a result of the test this year," Mr. Sidgreaves said, "all the main components of these engines have undergone a definite improvement, and in consequence the life of the standard engine in service will be much longer than it would otherwise have been. From the development point of view," he added, "the Schneider Trophy contest is almost an economy, because it saves so much time in arriving at certain technical improvements. It is not too much to say that research for the Schneider Trophy contest over the past two years is what our aero-engine department would otherwise have taken six to ten years to learn." Much that they had learned from the contest was capable of being applied to their Rolls-Royce cars in general use.



SIR ALMROTH E. WRIGHT, K.B.E., C.B., M.D., F.R.S.
Who is attending the Medical Congress, standing beside the Humber Snipe Saloon, which was lent to him by Rootes Argentina, during his stay in that country

Motorists who would gladly pay a little more for specialized bodywork are frequently deterred by the high cost of the chassis alone. The fact is that most of the makers deliberately charge a comparatively high price for the chassis alone in order to encourage the sale of complete cars with standard bodywork. One British manufacturer has lately reversed this policy, in order to encourage the demand for specialized bodywork. In addition to their standard models, no fewer than thirty-four specialized body styles are available, some actually selling for less than the standard models. The Rover Company has invited the co-operation of nine of our leading coachbuilders, consequently it is possible to obtain on the Ten, for example, eight specialized body styles at prices from £168 to £225. The cheapest standard model is the saloon, £179. On both the 12 h.p. and the 2-litre, nine specialized models are listed.

PATRON H.M. THE KING

MOTOR EXHIBITION OLYMPIA

Oct. 15-24

PRIVATE CARS
CARRIAGE WORK
CARAVANS
MOTOR BOATS
MARINE ENGINES

—ADMISSION—

Thursday, October 15th	... 5/-
Fridays & Saturdays	... 2/6
Other Days	... { 10 till 6 5/- 6 till 10 2/6

Official Catalogue ... 1/6 post free

THEIR COMPONENTS
ACCESSORIES &
EQUIPMENT;
AND SERVICE &
GARAGE EQUIPMENT

COMMERCIAL MOTOR TRANSPORT EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA. November 5th to 14th



Durward's

D.B. Aintree

Created for those men who like a double-breasted coat, the D.B. Aintree makes an excellent motoring or travelling model. Because of its bold lines it is generally made up in vigorous patterns such as the wide herring-bone Scotch Cheviots illustrated, though, of course, many plainer patterns are available for those who desire them.

To measure or ready to wear
from **8 Gns.**

We have a large selection of
OVERCOATS
ready for immediate wear or to order
from **6 Gns.**

Patterns sent post free on mention of
"The Tatler."

KENNETH DURWARD LTD
37 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

**MENNEN
WEEKLY
NEWS**



"Mennen — that's what your face is crying for!"



"Mmm! This certainly beats the old way!"



"I'm cured! No more antiques for me!"

GOOD MORNING!

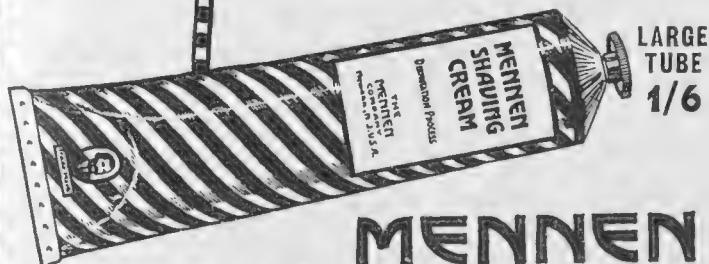
It's a fact—you feel as frisky as a colt, after a Mennen shave!

Why? Because Mennen Shaving Cream goes right after every tough hair in your beard—without a single finger-rub. Soaks them soft—soothes them with rich, creamy lather . . . And then! Your razor slips through smooth as silk—your beard vanishes without a pull. No soreness. No smarting. Just a clean, rested, velvety skin.

Tomorrow—squeeze a little Mennen Shaving Cream (or Mennen Mentholized for a brisker, COOLER shave)—on your brush—use plenty of water—and you'll feel like whistling all day!

FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD.,
86 CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Write for a Mennen Sample Kit containing Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, Mennen Standard Shaving Cream, Mennen Talcum for men and Mennen Skin Balm. **FREE** and **Post Paid.**



LARGE
TUBE
1/6

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM



The Fastest speed ever attained by a—

Motor Car . . .	246 m.p.h.
Motor Cycle . . .	150 m.p.h.
Lady Driver . . .	140 m.p.h.
3-Wheeled Cyclecar	115 m.p.h.
Motor Boat . . .	110 m.p.h.
Diesel-Engined Car	100 m.p.h.
Outboard Motor Boat	54 m.p.h.

was in each case
made on Wakefield
Castrol Motor
Oil

C. C. WAKEFIELD & Co. Ltd., All-British Firm, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

IN THE ITALIAN SUNSHINE



ON LAKE COMO: SIGNOR SCOTTI
AND MISS DORA DULY

Who is wearing a pair of Worth pyjamas with very evident success. Signor Scotti is the famous baritone. Lake Como has had a mass of visitors this year



BASKING AT BRIONI: CAPTAIN LORD CLAUD HAMILTON, MRS. GUY NEWALL,
AND MISS MARGARET TRACY-SIMPSON

Brioni, that engaging island in the Adriatic which has been the Mecca of so many honeymoon couples during the past year or two, has had splendid sunshine to offer its numerous patrons this summer. Lord Claud Hamilton is the Duke of Abercorn's brother and an Equerry-in-Ordinary to His Majesty

ECONOMISE
without
SACRIFICE

Phillips Rubber Soles

— last 3 times as long

OUTDOOR people can save £'s and find new joys in walking by wearing Phillips 'Duragrip' Rubber Soles. Extra comfortable, splendidly durable, lasting three times longer than leather.

Wear 'Duragrip' on leather soled shoes the ideal combination for health, comfort and economy.



Remember! There is nothing "just as good" as PHILLIPS.

PHILLIPS 'Duragrip' Soles

Ladies'	Men's
2/6	3/6
per pair.	per pair.

Ask for PHILLIPS Rubber Soles at the same time.

Phillips
'Duragrip' RUBBER SOLES

Ask for
& insist on

PHILLIPS - the Name that Guarantees the Quality!



THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

This is a clock of singular originality and charm. 'Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 inches.

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

Assist Nature to ward off chills



A Safety First alliance with 'Pesco' will enable you safely to face the battalions of winter. Against the warm protective barrier of soft, porous wool the assaults of cold and damp are powerless.

There are many smart styles in 'Pesco' pure wool and silk and wool—each garment guaranteed to give complete satisfaction in wash and wear. Ask to see the season's new designs before choosing your winter underwear.

Pesco

Trade
Mark



ASK FOR 'PESCO' — SCOTCH AND BEST

Obtainable from leading Drapers and Hosiery in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, also in knitted sports wear and hosiery. In case of difficulty enquire from the makers for the names of nearest Agents.

PETER SCOTT & CO., LTD. (Dept. No. 27), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

LONDON CINEMA

STOLL, KINGSWAY.

DAILY from 12 noon. (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Week of September 28th.

A COLOSSAL 3½ HOURS' PROGRAMME!

"HELL'S ANGELS." The Greatest Spectacle of Aerial Combat.

"EAST LYNNE," with ANN HARDING and CLIVE BROOK.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2

THE New SPORTSWEAR SHOP.



A workmanlike little Golfing Suit, carried out in suède and tweed. The coat is lined tweed and the pleated skirt allows ample freedom for movement.

7½ Gns.

Just opened . . . and ready with so many different ideas—essentially practical, delightfully informal, and strictly economical, too! Clothes specially designed for SPORT by SPORTSWOMEN.

Nicoll's newest departure . . . the centre of fashion for feminine SPORTS.

NICOLLS
of **REGENT**
STREET

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD., 120, Regent Street, W. 1

A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 560

to be sound, the problem is solved. Then there is B. C. Gadney of Leicester, and at the moment he is the man I should back. He is young, strong, and intelligent; his passing is fast and accurate, and but for illness he would probably have played for England last year. We shall discover a worthy scrum-half right enough, but who is to be his partner? There is a dearth of stand-off halves who are even promising. T. J. M. Barrington had his inspired moments last season, but he is hardly a great performer against a strong defence, and neither S. C. C. Meikle nor T. C. Knowles are up to standard. L. H. Colli-son showed signs that he might make a player, and H. C. C. Laird defended stoutly in the second Trial, but we may as well admit that we are hard up for stand-off halves.

As for three quarters, our resources may not be powerful, but I think they may be sound. We shall, at any rate, look forward to seeing A. C. Harrison, the young Hartlepool Rovers' wing, who reminded us so much of C. N. Lowe. The full-back position is not so perplexing. There is T. W. Brown, of Bristol, who was crocked last year. He has only to touch his best form to be certain of his place, and if he fails K. A. Sellar has come home, and may still be the best player we have.

Perhaps I have not justified my optimism by this analysis of England's prospects, but there is a Mark Tapley streak in me which insists on being cheerful. Somehow there is an optimistic spirit about this season, and whatever happens we shall certainly enjoy ourselves. Rugby football is still a game, when all is said and done. Poor old England, indeed!

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 588

their way. It may be, and probably is, true that they feel that they are

forgotten when they see some relatively minor flight done by some amateur made much of in public. But I doubt if many people are deceived. If they themselves had to make a difficult, long flight and were asked to choose their pilot, they would select the experienced but unknown professional rather than the amateur who through some exceptional feat had achieved fame.

All that is not to say that there are not amateur pilots who are as skilful as the best professional. It is merely to say that fame is no guide to piloting skill; that it is experience and the ability to fly through all weathers and over all kinds of country in safety that counts.

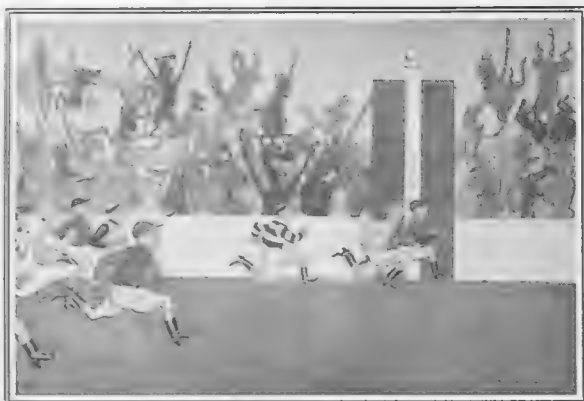
There is now no space to deal adequately with the women's air meeting held at Sywell, so that the description of that event must be postponed to a future issue.



THE MODERN MARINER AT BEMBRIDGE

H. M. Till

Nine sailing enthusiasts, namely (left to right), Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Morrison-Bell, the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, Mrs. Louis Campbell, Mr. Louis Campbell, Mr. Hubert Cox, Captain Peto, Mrs. Mellor, Major Bertram Bell, and Brigadier-General Lowry-Corry. The season of the Bembridge Sailing Club officially ended on September 12, but since then there have been several days of "scurry" racing for special prizes



"The Favourite Wins"

There can be no more welcome Gift than one of the Pictures by H. M. BATEMAN, printed in full colours.

The Series, in addition to those illustrated, includes:—

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- "The Curate who Saw Red" "Stand Easy"
- "Very Well Meant"
- "The Man who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz"
- "The Third Encore"
- "The Umpire who Confessed He Wasn't Looking"
- "The Cad who was Improperly Dressed on the Lido"
- "The Second Lieutenant who Joined his Regiment Complete with Wife"
- "The Man who Begged to Differ from his Mother-in-Law"



"The Man who Asked for a Second Helping at a City Banquet"

A Unique
Collection
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Pictures
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H. M.
BATEMAN,
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"The Woman who spent £10 in a Woolworth Store"

- "The Man who Missed the Ball on the First Tee at St. Andrews"
 - "Figaro Chez Lui"
 - "The Girl who Ordered a Glass of Milk at the Café Royal"
 - "The Guardsman who Dropped It"
 - "The Croupiers who Showed Signs of Emotion"
 - "The Man who Bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's"
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THE TATLER, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

How French Women Make up Their Lips to last all day

And avoid making up every hour—as English women do



Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with Betty Compson, of movie fame.



You use it on your cheeks, too—just a touch with the finger-tips—and thus have the colour of your cheeks blend perfectly with the colour of your lips.

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"—You Make up But Twice a Day Instead of Every Hour!

A way has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that **HOLDS** perfectly all day long. Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

The creation of Louis Philippe, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a permanent make-up yet discovered. It is different from any rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a colour harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different colour. (Note picture above.)

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of to-day. And—it lasts for hours.

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All chemists, hairdressers and department stores have it now under the name of *Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lipstick form and in charming little red boxes.

Angelus

Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe



They'll be safer, happier in Chilprufe

To make children safe from winter's onslaughts you need not deprive them of good times; Chilprufe Pure Wool is as soft as it is cosy, smoothly yielding to young forms even after it is many times submitted to the tub.

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

From the fine and lovely knitted fabric to the smallest details of finish, a Chilprufe garment shows what care is lavished on it. Chilprufe has gained and held its leadership even where price is the foremost consideration—wear is longer, and only the finest tested materials are used.

As strong advocates of Chilprufe, we have it in day and night models for young babies and growing boys and girls. Would you not feel more satisfied if your kiddies had Chilprufe?—come and see about it now!

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For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, urgently need £8 for a cripple; she is an artificial flowermaker. She suffered as a girl from tubercular disease and lost both her feet in consequence. She lives by herself in one room and earns her living at a flower shop. She earns £1 11s. weekly.



LUNCH ON THE MOOR: MR. FRANK H. TAYLOR'S SHOOTING PARTY AT INVERCAULD HOUSE, BRAEMAR

From left to right are Master Tony Humbert, Sir Roger Gregory, Miss M. Quest, Mr. F. H. Taylor, Mr. Dennis Taylor, Mrs. Dennis Taylor, Colonel H. I. Nicholl, D.S.O., Miss Perkin, Miss Bett, Mr. R. Bett, Mr. T. Humbert

She has no relatives to help her, but a lady who brought her case to their notice has a high regard for her. She says she is a fine character, full of pluck and grit. She has to have her artificial limbs repaired from time to time and has always been able to manage this extra expense herself, but now she has to have two new feet. She has been saving for a long time, but unless she can place the order quickly she will no longer be able to walk to her work. Please help the Friends of the Poor to assist her.

The Blue Train, after running during the summer months but three times weekly, will again resume its daily service, both from Calais and from Paris, to all stations on the Riviera on and from Saturday, October 3 next, and will be composed entirely of 1st-class single berth staterooms, inter-communicating at will, and restaurant cars.

In view of the industrial depression it is refreshing to hear of a British manufacturing concern having secured a very valuable contract which will give employment to a large number of British workers during the winter. The contract referred to is one for 1,000 Electrolux Refrigerators for the conserving of ice-cream, which Electrolux, Ltd., have just received from Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd. These refrigerators will be manufactured in the company's factories at Luton, Bedfordshire, and it is interesting to record that less than twelve months ago Electrolux received a similar contract from Messrs. Lyons for 700 refrigerators. When the contract just received is completed Messrs. Lyons will have no less than 2,200 Electrolux Refrigerators in use.

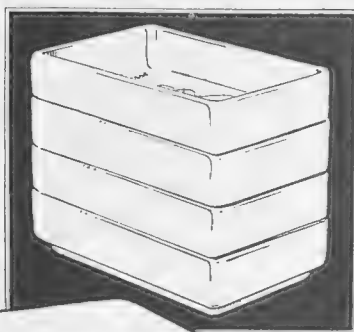
Lady Galway and a committee of enthusiasts are organizing a ball to take place at Dorchester House on October 10. It will be known as the "Three C's Ball," being in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society and the Queen's Hospital for Children under the Combined Charities Committee. The Duke and Duchess of York, who are deeply interested in the charities which will benefit, have given their patronage to the ball.



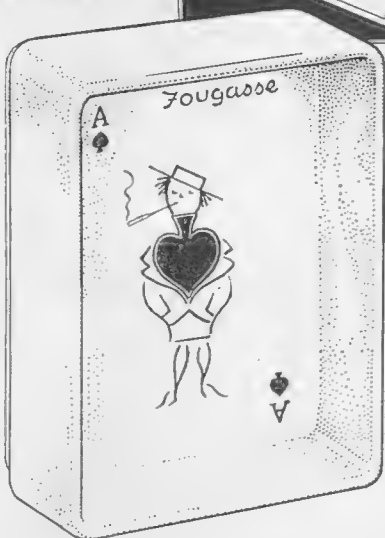
ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING INVENTIONS SHOWN AT THE RADIO EXHIBITION

The MacGregor Station Indicator incorporated in a 6-valve Stenode Radiostat Receiver. A lamp lights under each station on the map (shown in picture) as you turn the tuning dial. Half one degree suffices to exclude London totally within ten miles of Brookmans Park

ACES AND FACES BY "FOUGASSE."



The Perfect
Gift
or Prize
for all
Bridge
Players



Price
12/6
for the nest
of four trays.
(By inland
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A Set of Porcelain Ash Trays for the Bridge Table, on which the Ace of every suit is animated with delightful and ingenious humour. Obtainable only from

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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SPORTING EVENTS

*come and go, but the
outstanding weekly
one, coming ever
fresh, every Friday, is
the appearance of*

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY

BE WISE—BE ELEGANT— Buy British Worked Furs

You must see the first showing of Autumn models at Vickery's this week! It is a sight for amazement. The 1890-ish look which has overwhelmed our dresses and coats has extended to furs. Oh, how becoming they are! Never has fur appeared to better advantage. So rich—so silky—so elegant. Vickery has surpassed himself. And his prices are easily the most considerate in London. As 95% of Vickery's furs are created in his own workrooms, any model can be made to measure without extra cost to you.



Natural Canadian Mink, in the new manner—superb skins—worked in slender horizontal bands. Note the wide bell sleeves.

price... **179** gns

Other qualities from 159 gns



An inspired alliance of Persian Lamb and Kolinsky. Very close and slenderly cut at the hips. Observe how gracefully the gorgeous collar sweeps down to the flounce!

price... **105** gns

A wonderful stock from 39 gns



Seal Musquash has established itself as first favourite this Autumn. This model needs no adornment but its own beauty and chic. It fits the figure like a sheath.

price... **45** gns

In other qualities from 35 gns



Another new model in beige or sable-dyed squirrel. Very fine skins, light in weight, lined crêpe-de-chine.

price... **39** gns

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FINEST FUR VALUE IN LONDON

THINK what you can save by getting your New Winter Fur Coat direct from the actual makers in the City at WHOLESALE PRICE—the marvellous value we offer is really amazing. Every garment is made from sound skins of reliable quality and guaranteed in perfect condition.

Musquash



Write for
New Season's
Illustrated
Catalogue.

For real hard wear this coat of Natural Canadian Musquash is unbeatable. It is made from soft pliable skins of dark colour, and is surprisingly light in weight.

OUR WHOLESALE PRICE

20 Gns.

Will be gladly sent on approval.

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Fascinating and Intriguing HATS for 20/-

1. Sweeping down to the right eye this Felt expresses the new line. A variety of colours **20/-**

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Sent
on
approval.



A new SPORTS ENSEMBLE knitted in a smart diagonal spot fabric

THE jumper of light spotted material has serrated French facings, and the coat and skirt are skilfully man-tailored. In Black/White, Nigger / Beige, Bottle / Beige, Navy / Beige, Nigger / Gold, Wine/Putty. **69/6**

Sizes: S.W. and W.

O.S. 10/6 extra, to order.

Knitwear Salon—Second Floor.

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CLEVER use of plain black in unusual skirt and yoke treatment, with a subtle touch of white embroidery, enhances the charm of black and white checked Viyella. Fashion's newest note in epaulette sleeves and a double stitched belt of black kid complete this very chic little frock.
Model No. P.R. 76



SCAIONI



VIYELLA
REGD.

FASHION has decreed that only the softest materials shall be used for day-time dresses this Autumn.

The tailored perfection of the new Viyella dresses, specially designed by Peter Russell, allows full play to the charm of their subtle material. They cannot fail to appeal to every woman who appreciates a simple yet distinctive beauty in dress.

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The "COUNTRYX" CARDIGAN SUIT LINKED WITH OVERCOAT

A smart and useful choice for the coming Season.

6½ gns.

This suit provides a new Model for the Country, for Travel and for Sports wear, giving comfort and warmth without weight under all conditions.

Each genuine "Countryx" Country Suit bears the Registered Label.

You are invited to inspect the "Countryx" Country Suit at any of the following leading Fashion Houses:—

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DERBY - Paulette et Cie.
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DUBLIN - Switzer & Co.
DUNDEE - D. M. Brown, Ltd.
EASTBOURNE - Bobby & Co., Ltd.
EDINBURGH - J. Wight.
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EXMOUTH - Mme. Winifred.
FOLKESTONE - Bobby & Co., Ltd.

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HASTINGS - Plummer Roddis, Ltd.
HULL - Costello & Son (Hull), Ltd.

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LEICESTER - Adderly & Co., Ltd.
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'ROYSTON'

In Reversible Velour, Sizes 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½.

WALMAR HATS SOLVE THE HEADFITTING PROBLEM.

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Exclusive Novelty
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CORSLO CROISSETTE for full figures

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The strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, and can be also adapted to give special abdominal support after an operation.

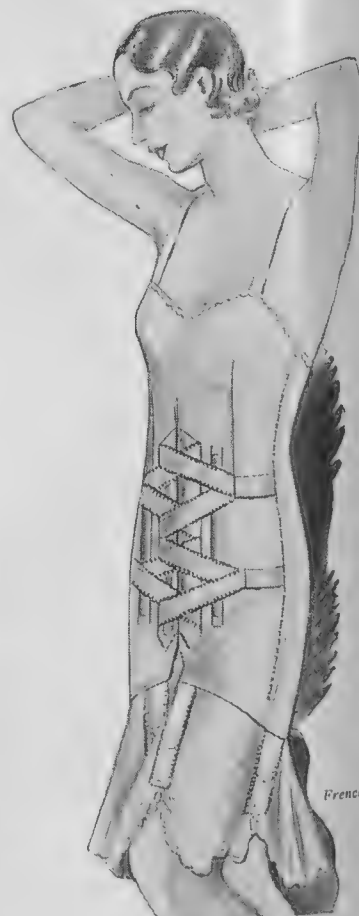
The advantages of the Corslo Croisette will be demonstrated at any time to those interested by our Corsetière. In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips - 4½ GNS.

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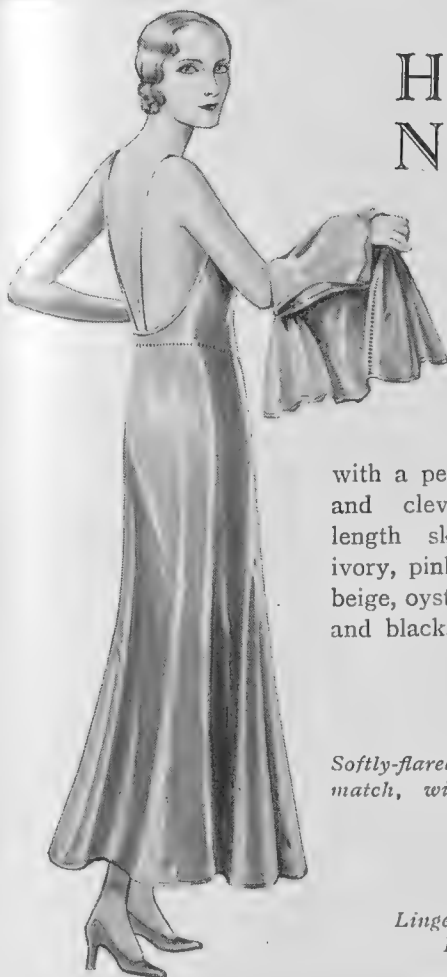


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Obtainable from all Agents.

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IDEAL for evening wear—a backless Princess Slip in pure silk washing-satin beauté, with a perfectly-fitting bodice and cleverly flared ankle-length skirt. Available in ivory, pink, peach, parchment, beige, oyster, gold, green, blue, and black. Lengths: 50, 52, 54 ins.

29/6

Softly-flared evening Knicker to match, with flat-fitting waist and hip,
23/6

Lingerie Department,
First Floor.

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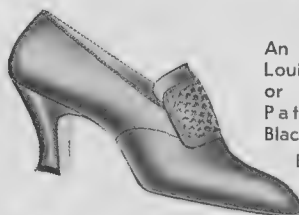
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October 5th-10th

Shoes? Stockings? Gloves?

Why? because from October 5th—10th Marshall and Snelgrove are giving you the chance of buying these necessities for absurdly little. All kinds of British STOCKINGS, SHOES to match—GLOVES, are purchasable moderately and the opportunity given to buy 1st class goods at the lowest conceivable price.

Remember then October 5th—10th, for your new Stockings, Gloves and Shoes.



An afternoon Shoe, with Louis XV heel. In Black or Brown Glacé, Black Patent, or Black Suède **28/9**
British made.



Walking Shoe, Leather Military heel. In Brown or Black Glacé, and Tan Willow Calf - - **21/9**
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Walking Shoe in Malt Calf, Leather Cuban heel, patent collar. Similar design in Tan Willow Calf. **39/6**
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50 dozen only, Real Grenadine, All British Silk throughout. Finely knitted 45 gauge, in fashionable shades, special Sale Price **5/11**
Per pair

Fine Silk and Wool with embroidered clox, colours give a slight marle effect, good tone and tone colours. Foreign. Per pair **5/11**
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GLOVES

English de grain, Mocha finish, sac E.W. lined knit wool, in Brown, Slate and Beaver.

Per pair **7/6**
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English Degrain, Mocha finish, lined wool, Fur Top, in Brown, Slate and Beaver

Per pair **5/11**

Better qualities from **7/11** to **19/11** per pair at reduced prices.

Reliable Nappa Leather, Fur top and lined wrist, lined wool in hand, in Brown, Light Grey and Dark Beaver. Foreign.

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"Wearclean" Magnet Brand, sac shape, specially finished in Gauntlet, in all leading shades. British.

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Selected Leather **8/11** per pair.
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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Asprey
Bond St
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A very becoming felt hat finished with a feather wing mount. It can be made in all shades.

Price 2½ guineas.

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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1



THE velour Coat on the left is smart enough for "best," with its new side-fastening and stitched velvet collar and cuffs. Interlined throughout; in green, royal, and cinnamon. Size 18 ins. - 79/6

(Rising 5/- each size.)

THE practical Coat of Irish tweed is made in double-breasted style for either girl or boy. Splendidly warm, and interlined; in green or fawn. Size 18 ins. - 47/6

(Rising 5/- each size.)

THE COATEE

is indispensable
to the Evening
Gown

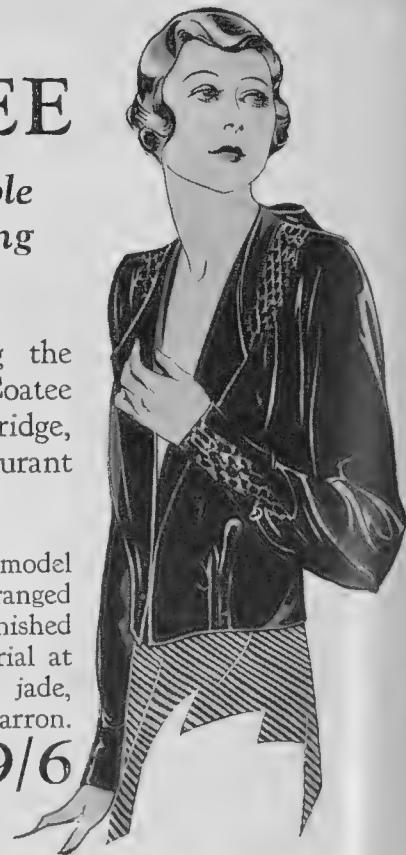
Fashion is stressing the importance of the Coatee this season — for bridge, for evening, for restaurant wear.

Here we show a new model in "Artvel," prettily arranged with smocking and finished with bow of self material at the back. In ivory, jade, lucifer red, blue and marron.

Stock size only. 29/6

Unlined

Lined 37/6



Blouse Salon—First Floor

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Model 3483.—Homespun trimmed with a leather belt.

Price **21/-**
Obtainable from all Agents.

Wilton

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Mounted on resilient "Cee" Springs with easy running Ball-bearing Wheels and Rubber Sponge-pneumatic Tyres. Fitted with uncrackable Rubber Duck Hood and Apron with Storm Screen, Nickel-plated fittings, Safety Strap and Brake. Distinctive in design and pleasing in finish.

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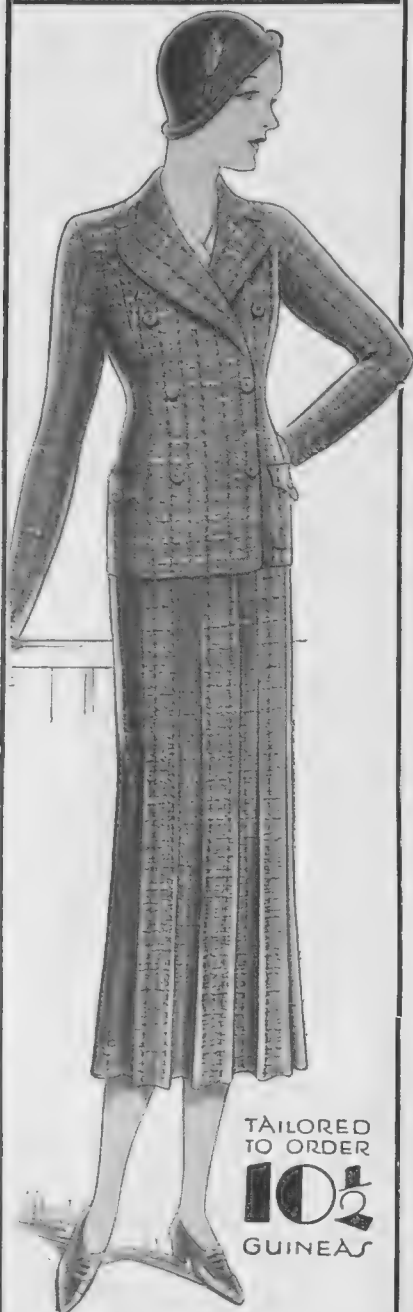
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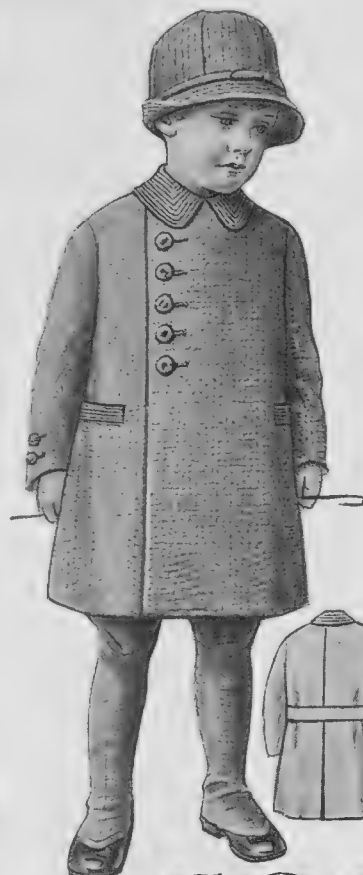
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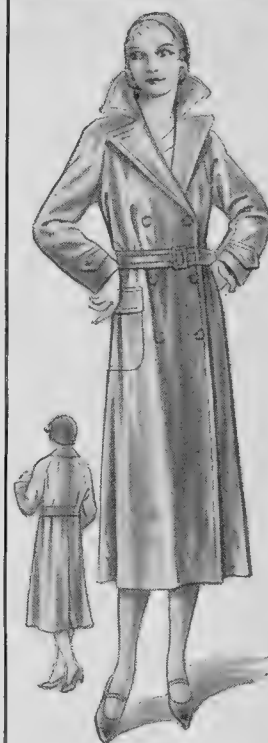
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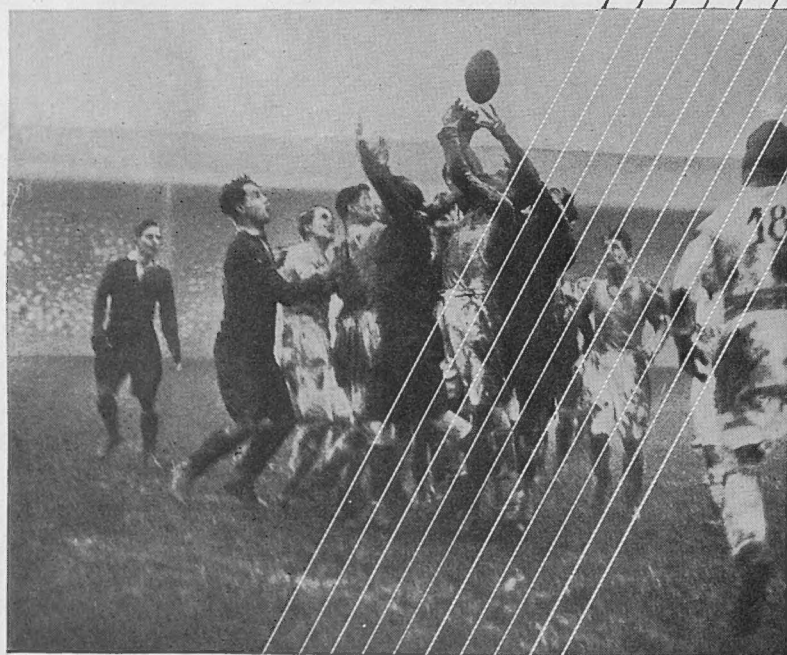
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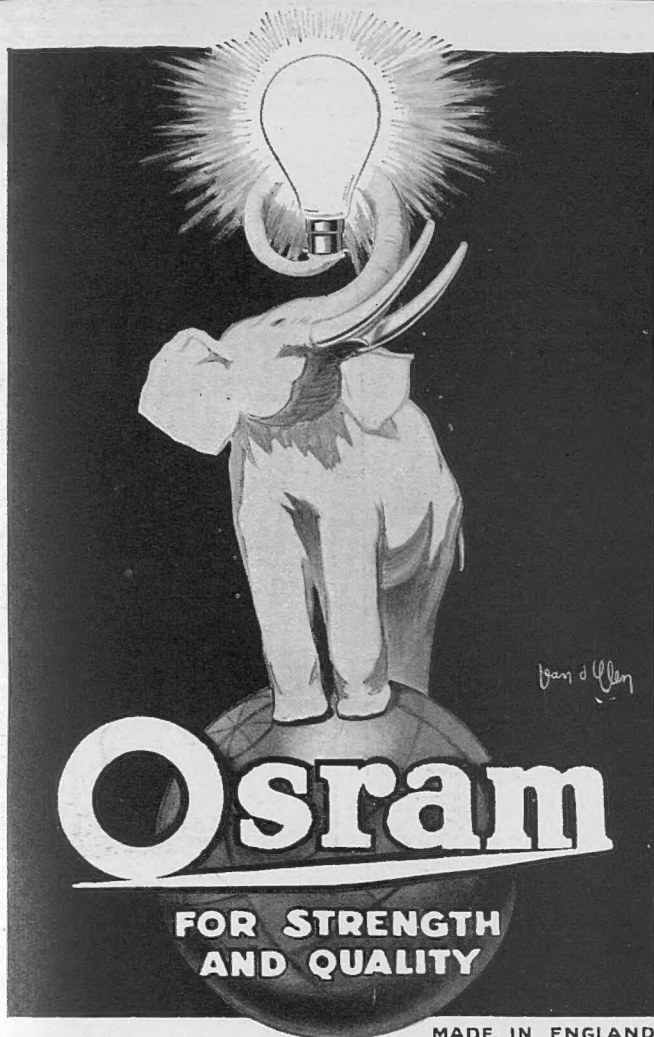
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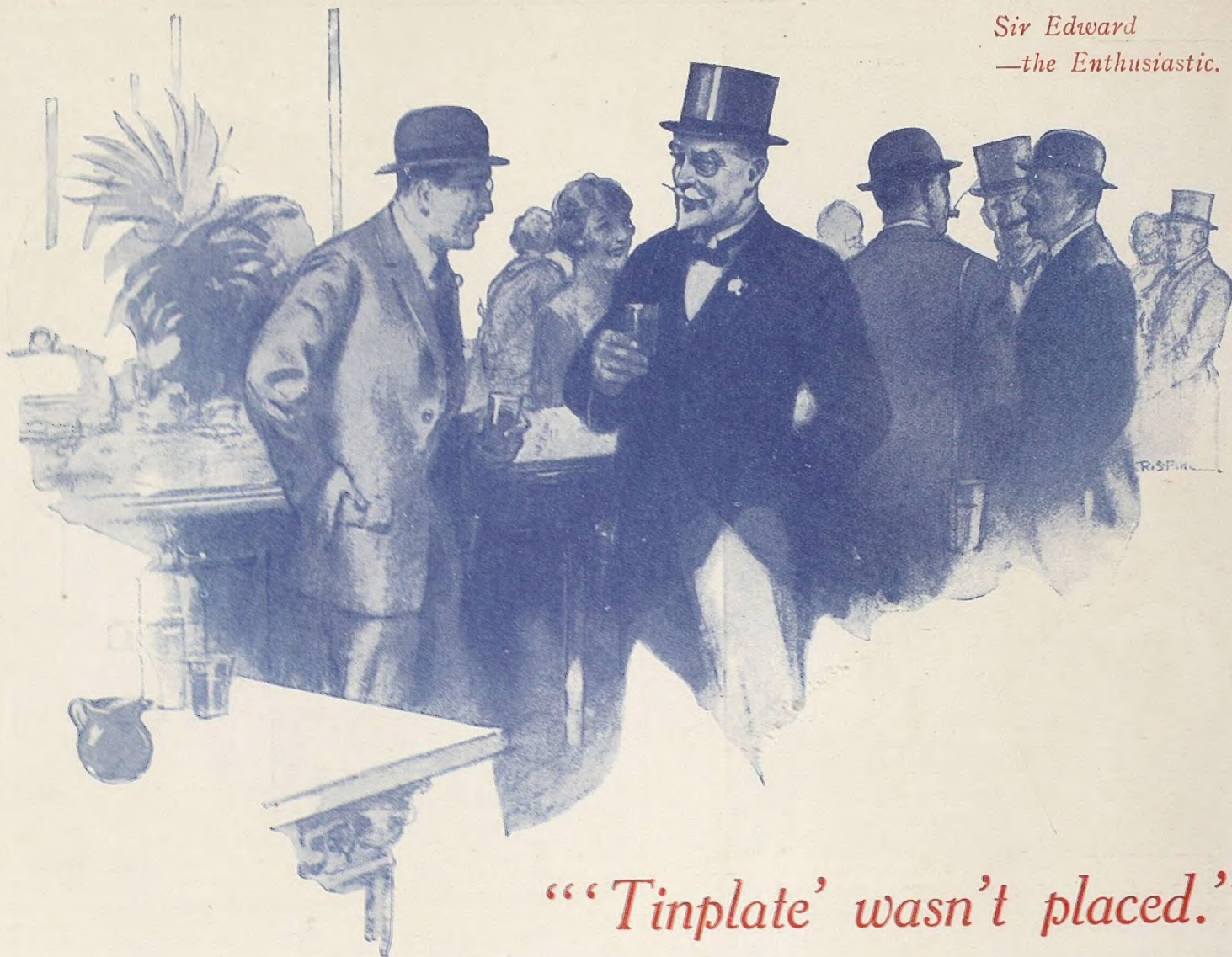
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